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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 685.—VOL. XXVII.

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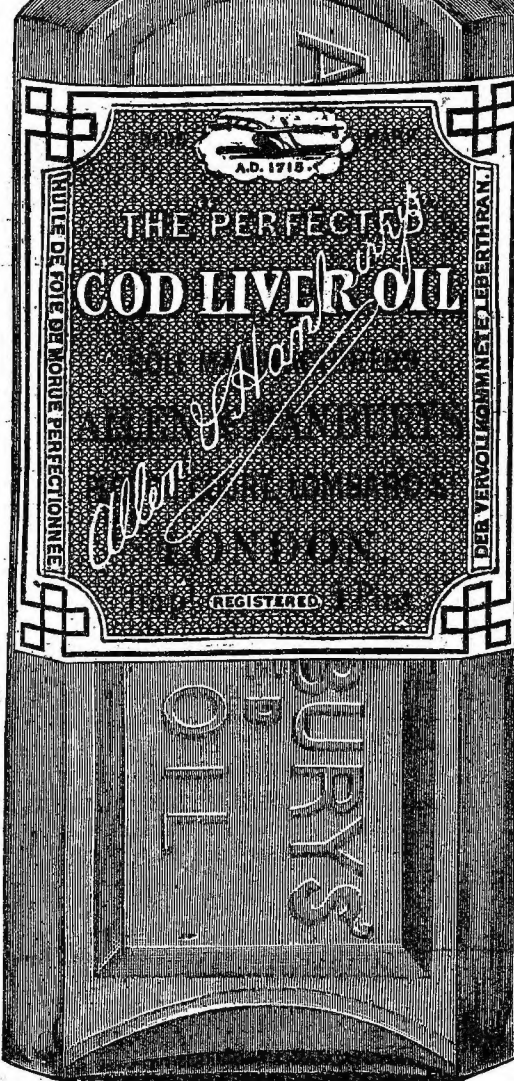
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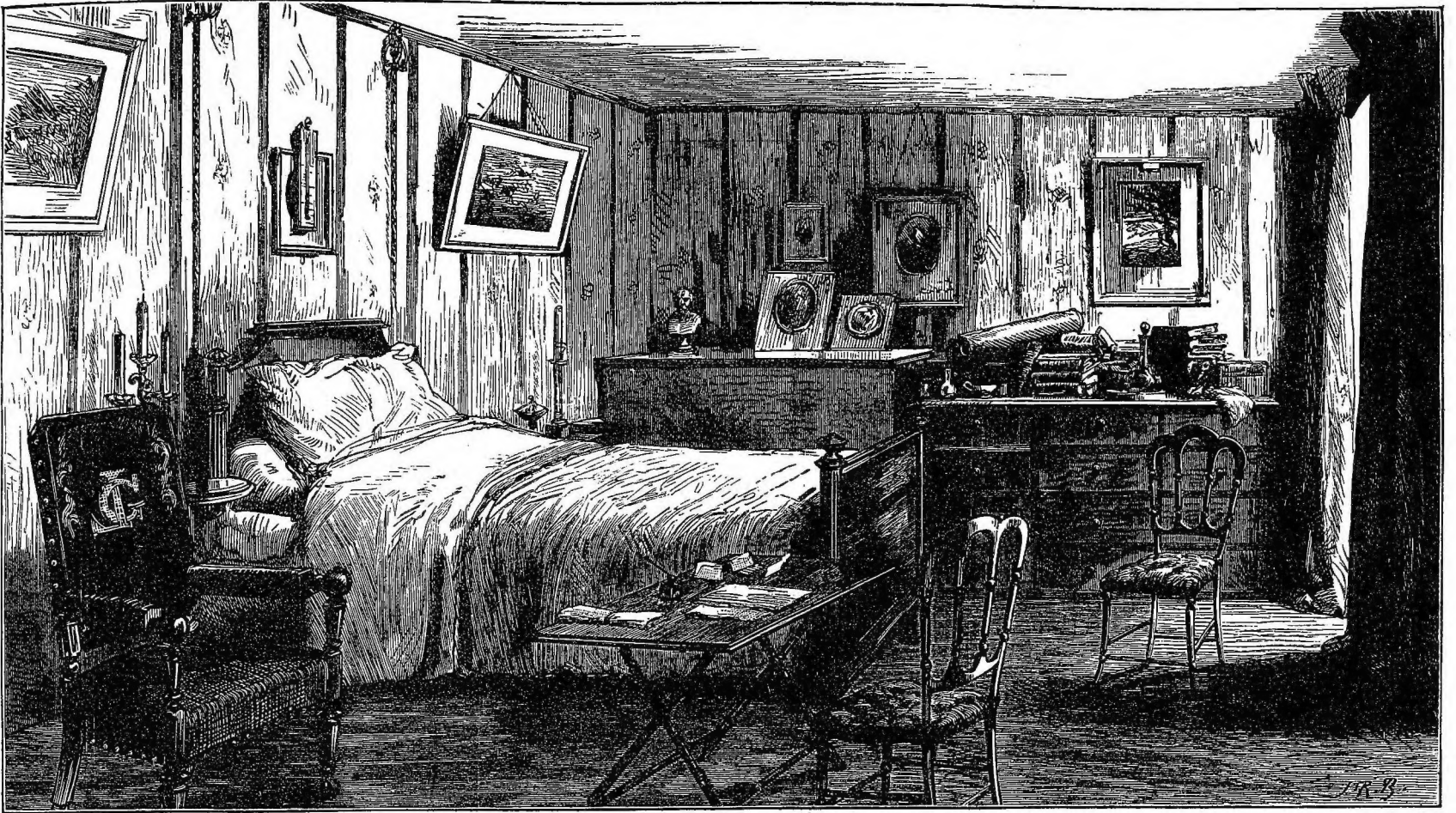
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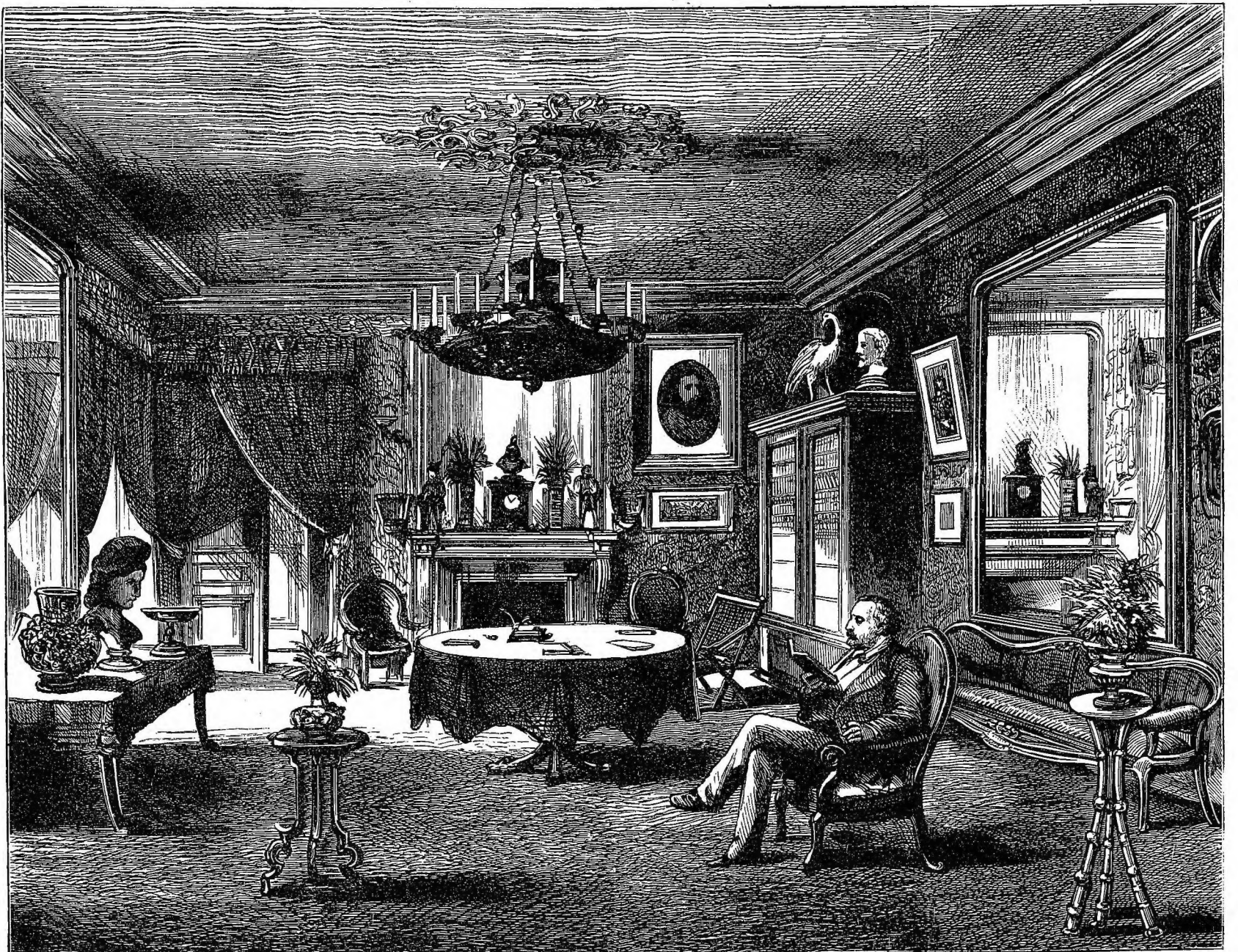
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M. GAMBETTA'S SITTING-ROOM IN LES JARDIES, VILLE D'AVRAY, NEAR PARIS

THE LATE LÉON GAMBETTA

Topics of the Week

MR. GLADSTONE'S HEALTH.—Political opponents are intolerant of each other in France because of the tyrannies, confiscations, and massacres of a series of revolutions. It is difficult to feel friendly towards a man whose grandfather helped to send yours to the guillotine, to say nothing of far later events, such as Mazas imprisonments, street fusillades, and New Caledonian deportations. In this happy island we have no such bitter memories, and so our political quarrels still resemble the professional feuds of opposing barristers, who are mighty good friends as soon as the Court rises. It is often alleged that Mr. Gladstone is vehemently detested by many of those persons who adhere to the political creed which he has gradually abandoned; yet, as soon as he is temporarily incapacitated from work, there is heard from people of all shades of politics a unanimous chorus of sympathy. The fact is that, although many of us honestly dislike much that Mr. Gladstone says and does, yet, as the late Sir Robert Peel said of Lord Palmerston, "We are all proud of him." People cannot help admiring him, if only for his immense mental and bodily activity. A man who has Dante at his fingers' ends, and who writes a letter in Italian to express his admiration of the poet; who fells trees in Hawarden Park; who has just gone through a fatiguing extra Session of Parliament; who takes prolonged walks; who is responsible for the management of the country's business; and who cheerfully accomplishes all this at the age of seventy-three, is certainly a wonderful man. Much too wonderful, indeed, think Mrs. Gladstone and Dr. Andrew Clark, and so they lay kindly hands on him, and restrain him. He is not, for example, to be allowed to indulge in the luxury of speechifying in Mid-Lothian. The decision of Mr. Gladstone's guardians is much to be commended. However hale a man may be, when he passes seventy he should spare himself as much as possible, and avoid all needless exertion. This platform oratory was all very well in 1879, when the Liberal party were girding themselves for the fray of the coming elections; but now it is quite unnecessary. The public are already overdone with extra-Parliamentary utterances, and if this brief spell of enforced quiet enables Mr. Gladstone to face the House of Commons with renewed vigour on the 15th of February, nobody (the intending Mid-Lothian listeners excepted, who will, of course, have lost a treat), need regret that his wife and doctor have jointly conspired to make him (for once in his life) hold his tongue.

M. GAMBETTA AND FRENCH REPUBLICANS.—Even now France has hardly begun to recover from the shock inflicted on it by the death of M. Gambetta. The event itself and its probable consequences are still the only subjects of public interest about which Frenchmen care to talk. The funeral was one of the most magnificent ceremonies of this kind which have ever taken place even in Paris, where homage to the memory of prominent men is often rendered amid much pomp and splendour. It was evident that the nation sincerely mourned his loss; and those who during his lifetime never missed an opportunity of attacking him were content to look on in silence. This universal testimony to M. Gambetta's greatness seems all the more remarkable when we remember that he failed during his brief term of office as Prime Minister, and that after that experience he seldom interfered openly with the course of public business. The explanation of his popularity was partly the recollection of his earlier achievements, and partly the belief that if a great crisis again occurred he would be able to guide his country through it with honour. In quiet times smaller men might be at the helm; but M. Gambetta was always there to control the ship in a storm. The question now is, What is to be the immediate future of the Republican party? All sections of it have been sobered by so striking a calamity; and prudent men urge the necessity of union. But in France union is a goal seldom attained, and we may be sure that the Extreme Left will be as unwilling as ever to act with Moderate Republicans. The Moderate Republicans themselves scarcely know where to look for a leader; for although the nominal successor of M. Gambetta will probably be M. Jules Ferry, all the world knows that M. Ferry lacks the qualities which excite enthusiasm. Fortunately the Republicans have no very formidable enemies to deal with, so that they will have time to feel their way towards a satisfactory method of putting an end to their present confusion.

THE TEACHING OF FRENCH.—French teachers, or (as they prefer the expression) Professors of French, in England have lately held a meeting, and discussed the prospects of their calling. As a consequence a good deal has been written in a stereotyped way on the advantages of substituting modern for ancient languages in education. In favour of Greek and Latin we may say that their structure and grammar offer a good (though disagreeable) mental gymnastic for youths. Again, they contain the finest literature in the world, to be ignorant of which is to miss much pleasure and edification. Once more, if they are not learned by a man in his youth they will probably not be learned at all. It is urged, on the other side, that you do not need Greek in fighting the battle of life with German waiters; that you can get at the literature "in cribs," as Colonel Newcome tried

to do; and that French and German grammar are an excellent intellectual gymnastic. Even if they were as good in this way as Greek, the real difficulty would be to get boys to learn French as a few boys (only a few) learn Greek, solidly and conscientiously. The French and German classes used to be mere farces—hours of tedium enlivened by practical jokes, after the manner described in *Vice Versa*. There was more attention and discipline in the classical lectures. Boys used to think—perhaps think still—that modern languages are contemptible, and the ancient tongues alone worthy of serious notice. If this superstition still prevails not very much can be expected from the teaching of French and German, which are tongues that men usually pick up after leaving school. At the same time not one boy in a hundred really makes much progress in Greek and Latin. Our education, whatever its virtues, certainly teaches to very little effect.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND MR. COWEN ON EGYPT.—No one who is acquainted with Mr. Cowen's political views generally, and especially the bold proposals which he makes for the pacification of Ireland, will be surprised that he should style the so-called "Egyptian Rebellion" "a genuinely national uprising, if ever there was one." Some persons, however, may feel astonishment that Lord Charles Beresford, a naval officer, who took a prominent part in the campaign, and who from being on the spot possesses a practical knowledge of Egypt such as can never be acquired by hearsay or reading, should substantially differ very little from Mr. Cowen, although expressing himself far more cautiously. Lord Charles evidently regards the original agitation as by no means blameworthy, and thinks that, if better managed, it might have commanded the sympathy instead of the hostility of our Government. In other words, it was quite on the cards whether it would not have been more politic for us to back up Arabi rather than Tewfik. Lastly, he asks, Why did we undertake the late military operations in Egypt? Was it to crush a party who were agitating to get reforms which we admitted to be necessary, or was it to strengthen our hold on the Suez Canal? If the latter, why did we not say so? If the Suez Canal was not the cause, England drifted into a war as arbitrary as unnecessary. It may be said that these admonitions are useless now; it is waste of time to lament incidents which are now beyond recall. But we must remember that we have not yet finished with Egypt; all our toughest work is still to come, and such statements as those made by Lord Charles Beresford, if capable of proof, should surely exercise some influence on that vague force called "public opinion." At present the only practical sequel of the Egyptian imbroglio appears to be annexation. We may call it by some more euphemistic name, but annexation in actual fact it will be. Then, if we venture to carry out this policy boldly, what will be the result on the Continent? France will doubtless be unfriendly, as will Italy; in fact the Latin races, as they like to style themselves, will, in case of a general quarrel, be rather inclined to go against us than with us. Germany, Austria, and Russia will make no objections, but may not that be because we shall at last have done that which the Emperor Nicholas advised in 1853—namely, taken Egypt? The North-Eastern Powers may then feel free to deal with Turkey, both in Europe and Asia. It looks as if the baleful Eastern Question were looming larger than ever.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LIBERALS.—The illness of Mr. Gladstone—although not, it may be hoped, very serious—has naturally suggested the question whether he will be able much longer to retain his present position. He has been counselled (by his opponents) to delegate some of his duties as Leader of the House of Commons to Lord Hartington; but nobody supposes that, as long as he has fairly good health, he will follow this advice. His eager and fiery spirit makes it impossible for him, apparently, to give up any kind of work for which he believes himself to be fitted; and the chances are that, even if Lord Hartington resumed his former functions, he would often be perplexed by the unexpected interference of the Prime Minister. It is not surprising that the Liberals, while anxious to spare Mr. Gladstone unnecessary trouble, are also anxious that he should retain the supreme direction of public affairs. Never, perhaps, did an English Minister serve a political party more splendidly than Mr. Gladstone serves his supporters. It would be difficult to name any Cabinet which would not have been broken up by the secession of three such men as the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Bright. With Mr. Gladstone in office these Ministers took their departure; their places were filled up; and, practically, it was soon forgotten that they had been his colleagues. At present it is of little consequence who may be associated with Mr. Gladstone in the Government: it is enough for the Liberal party to know that on all matters of importance his wishes are certain to be fulfilled. The fact that Mr. Gladstone controls everything has enabled the Ministry to undertake enterprises which, without him, would have been beyond their range. We may safely say that the Radicals would never have permitted the war in Egypt if it had not been sanctioned by Mr. Gladstone; and it is very doubtful whether, in his absence, it would have been possible to try force as a remedy in Ireland. Tories affect to hold him responsible for all sorts of extreme proposals; but when we remember that since his accession very little has been heard of Disestablishment, it appears probable that in some directions his influence tends to restrain rather than to stimulate the ardour of his followers.

AMENITIES OF TRAVEL.—"Will any lady get out to oblige five gentlemen who wish to smoke?" This question, according to a lady who writes to a morning paper, was recently asked by a courteous guard at a large station. The day was wet and cold, the lady was "well wropped up," like the Polar bear, when, according to Sam Weller, "he was a practisin' his skating." She had her little arrangements comfortably made, and she was so selfish as to refuse to change her carriage, and oblige five gentlemen who desired the refreshment of tobacco. But this lady was not the only wronged being in the world of travel. A gentleman wrote to say that he had been asked to get out to oblige five ladies. "Kinder men than missuses are," says Policeman X, in one of his ballads, and the gentleman left his place and went into another carriage. Here he met a sympathetic person of his own sex, who knew the guard. "I bet these women won't even tip the guard," said the sympathetic person who was acquainted with that official. When the ladies had settled comfortably in the conquered territory, from which they had evicted the previous tenant, the guard was asked a delicate question. Had he received any compensation for disturbance caused to the outgoing tenant? And then it appeared that he had not even been tipped. This conduct appeared peculiarly mean to the evicted one, though we do not see how his case would have been bettered, even if his removal had been corruptly secured. Without denying that ladies should always receive every attention from their fellow-travellers, we may doubt whether it is quite fair of them to crowd into a smoking-carriage, and request the earlier occupants to give up smoking. If they speak they must be obeyed, but it would be more considerate of them to choose some other carriage.

SMOKELESS COAL.—In one of his recent lectures to children, Professor Tyndall remarked that scientific improvements might be introduced in coal-mines which would largely prevent the present lamentable loss of life, but that such reforms would seriously enhance the price of coals. It may sound cruel to make such a remark in the winter time, otherwise we are inclined to think that it would be a good thing if (especially with the result of saving colliers' lives) coals were much dearer. We should then learn to economise them. Now we waste them. The discussion which has lately been carried on regarding anthracite coal makes us feel rather despondent as to the likelihood of our large cities being relieved from coal-smoke, and its inevitable concomitant in our chilly, damp climate—fog. The anthracite or smokeless coal is shown—by a concurrence of evidence—to be troublesome to kindle and difficult to keep lighted in our ordinary grates and flues. The rich may replace them by improved grates and flues; but the rich form a very small portion of the community. The mass of people are in such matters dependent on their landlords, and landlords cannot be expected to make costly alterations which bring to themselves no pecuniary advantage. There are only two ways by which, as it appears to us, London is likely to be relieved of its yellow fogs, which, be it remembered, chiefly occur when the sun is shining brilliantly in rural places. One way, and a very unpleasant way, is a tremendous rise in the price of coals. Coals at, say, five-and-twenty shillings a hundred weight, and likely to go up still further, would stimulate the ordinary householder marvellously. The other way, pleasanter, but more improbable, is that public opinion should become so pronounced concerning fogs, that an Act of Parliament should be passed compelling all householders to consume their own smoke, reasonable time being first allowed to admit of chimney and fireplace alterations.

FRENCH MONARCHISTS.—The Monarchists of France are in a chronic state of surprise at their own unpopularity, but no one who reflects on their method of dealing with the question of judicature reform will share their astonishment. If there be any one principle about the truth of which they have absolutely no doubt, it is that judges ought not to be appointed by popular election. They are convinced, like most sensible men on this side of the Atlantic, that that method can only by chance result in the selection of the best men for what may, without exaggeration, be described as the most important offices in civilised countries. Yet when the question was before the Chamber last Session the Monarchists voted with the Extreme Left in favour of the elective principle, and it is understood that they intend to take the same course during the present Session. The explanation is that in their opinion the triumph of the measure would strike a heavy blow at Republican institutions. In other words, the Monarchists are prepared to aid agitations which they believe to be injurious to the public interest, in order that they may pave the way for the ultimate destruction of a particular form of government. It must be admitted that they are sufficiently frank about their hopes and plans; but the cynicism of their frankness has seldom been surpassed by a political party in any country. The Monarchists have a perfect right to oppose Republicanism; but morally they have a right to do so only by means of arguments tending to indicate the superiority of the system for which they contend. If they failed to convince France in this way, their failure would at least not be contemptible.

SHIP CANALS.—The old canal, navigable only by barges, is practically obsolete; that is, although we still use the canals because they are made, we should not now make them if they were non-existent. But a new era appears to be dawning for canals of a more ambitious character.

suitable for ocean-going vessels. The Suez Canal has been a thorough success, and is about to be enlarged and improved; the Panama Canal will doubtless be made if international jealousies do not hinder it. But, besides severing these isthmuses, which Nature seems to have made to be cut through, engineers are now turning their attention to inland ship-canal. The French, if their finances will permit it, intend to make a water-way from Bordeaux to the Mediterranean; Manchester is ambitious of being a seaport; a cutting is planned from the Solway Firth to the Tyne; and there seems no valid reason, if the Manchester ship-canal succeeds, why it should not be extended to London, and Birmingham. Besides the advantages to navigation, these broad inland tracts of placid water would be a great boon to a nation so devoted to boating as the English. The Thames is already utilised up to its fullest extent; and we venture to think it would almost pay to make a new "silent highway" between Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and London, for the sake of the aquatic amateurs, who would resort thither "in their thousands."

LOUISE MICHEL.—Probably Mdlle. Michel has been a good deal disappointed by her reception in England. Her audiences have been very small, and even the few persons who have attended her lectures have not manifested much enthusiasm. It may be that we are a reactionary nation; but the truth is that hardly anybody in this country likes politicians of the class represented by Mdlle. Michel. Even those whom Tories call violent Radicals have no love for the logic of dynamite; they are persuaded that it is a kind of logic which in the end tells most effectually against the philosophers who appeal to it. Apart from her passion for revolution, Mdlle. Michel appears to have spoken with good sense on the special subject which she came here to discuss. Many Englishmen of all parties heartily share her opinion that the time has arrived for putting an end to the exclusion of women from political life. Opponents of this idea pretend that women are sufficiently represented by their husbands, sons, and brothers; but it has never been shown how men can be as good judges of women's interests as women themselves. As for the objection that the character of women would be degraded by political activity, it is enough to say that multitudes of women do far rougher work than would be imposed upon them by the possession of the suffrage, and yet are in no way spoiled for duties requiring gentleness and refinement. In dealing with the question of education, Mdlle. Michel demanded that women should be trained exactly like men. Nature herself may render this impossible; but there can be no doubt that the education of most girls at present reaches as nearly as possible the ideal of what it ought not to be. Whether we like the fact or not, a very large number of women have now to make their own way in life; and surely it is only fair that if they must compete with men they shall receive in youth the kind of instruction which will prepare them for their future struggles.

PUSHING AUTHORS.—A gentleman on the threshold of old age lately advertised in the papers his disinclination to be troubled with advertising circulars. He was over eighty, he said, and he did not feel much interest in new companies. Even younger persons feel that life would be better worth living without circulars. They annoy us by imitating the aspect of interesting letters. Sometimes they have elegant crests or monograms on the envelope. Sometimes they are marked "private" or "immediate," and we open them in a feverish hurry to read something anonymous and to our disadvantage. Then, lo, we are relieved by the advertisement of cheap coats, or wine which would be dear at any price, or by a begging letter from a clergyman, who wants money to defray the expense of destroying the beauty of an old church. A new horror has been added to the ancient annoyances. Authors, discontented with advertisements in the papers, have taken to advertising themselves by lithographed circular. They send out notices marked "Please enclose this in every letter you write," and "this" is an advertisement of their production. The document is conceived in such terms as the following:—"Give your Circulating Library no rest till he sends you 'Free Fighting,' by Thomson Jones, A Record of Life in the Bush. With Illustrations by the Author. Messrs. Mivins and Co. Ask for it at Railway Bookstalls." This is the kind of dodge to which the pushing author has come in his intense desire for publicity. Sometimes, too, it is said that he uses postcards. Such devices are unworthy of literature, though they show a just appreciation of the difficulty of winning public attention for a new book.

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NOTICE.—With this Number are presented TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS: one entitled "BREAD AND BUTTER DAYS," from the Picture by Weodon Grossmith, and forming the FRONTISPIECE; the other of Four Pages, forming TITLE AND INDEX TO VOL. XXVI.



LYCEUM.—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Every EVENING, at 7.45. Benedick, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MORNING PERFORMANCE 10-DAY, and Saturdays, Jan. 20, Jan. 27, Feb. 3, and Feb. 10, at Two o'clock. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open to 5.

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COURT THEATRE.—MORNING PERFORMANCES of the successful new play, COMRADES, by Brandon Thomas and B. C. Stephenson, will be given on SATURDAY next, January 13, and Saturday, January 20, at half-past two o'clock.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Newly decorated, newly upholstered, fitted with new scenery, and rendered the safest and most elegant place of amusement in London.

The new and gloriously successful Holiday Entertainment of the **MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS** EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. DAY PERFORMANCES THIS WEEK, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, at THREE. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets and places at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall. No fees of any kind. **ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.**

On TUESDAY NEXT, Jan. 16, 1883. **MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S** EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL DAY AND NIGHT GRAND MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC FETE. Will take place in the AFTERNOON AT 2.30. EVENING AT 8. Upon which occasion he will have the valuable assistance and co-operation of the following eminent Artists: Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN, Miss E. FARREN, Miss RUSS, Miss MARIUS, Mr. JOHN RYDER, Mr. T. SWINBURNE, Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ, Mr. EDWARD TERRY, Mr. LIONEL BROUGH, Mr. HARRY PAULTON, Mr. JAMES WALLACE, Mr. W. J. HILL, Mr. E. W. MACKNEY, THE EMILE GIRLS. Ticket and places can be secured at Mr. Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, Fauteuils, Five Shillings. Sofa Stalls, Three Shillings. Balcony, Two Shillings. Back Area and Gallery, One Shilling.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANCHAM PLACE. Managers: Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAY. A STRANGE HOST. Followed by a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Gray, entitled "EN ROUTE." Concluding with a New Afterpiece, entitled THAT DREADFUL BOY. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three. Evenings, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity."—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM, and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

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J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



THE FUNERAL OF M. GAMBETTA

THE DEATH CHAMBER

THE room in which M. Gambetta died, at his Villa of Jardies at Ville d'Avray, was very barely furnished, containing merely a narrow bed, a chest of drawers, two or three chairs, and a couple of tables. As for the room itself, it was singularly small, being only about 15 feet broad and 9 feet high. Two small white curtains formed the only covering of the two windows which gave light to the room. Indeed, the house itself is only a small cottage, exceedingly sparsely furnished throughout. The dining-room would be crowded with more than ten guests, while the grandest room in the house—the drawing-room—as may be seen by our illustration, is not fitted up with superlative luxury, and is defined by a *Times* correspondent as damp, and providing no sensation of comfort. The same writer thus describes the death chamber. "The white sheets covered the

whole body, except the head, which rested on two pillows slightly raised at the neck. The face was thin and pale, with the livid pallor of death. The hair, thrown back, was greyer than it used to be, and the beard was entirely grey. The head, thus seen, appeared fifteen years older than M. Gambetta really was; suffering, agitation, and conflict had evidently aged it. There were some flowers scattered at the foot of the bed and on the very feet of the corpse—these being the only visible symbols of homage."

THE LYING-IN-STATE

A FAR different scene from this was the lying-in-state at the Palais Bourbon, the official residence of M. Gambetta during the time he was President of the Chamber. On Wednesday evening the body was brought to Paris, and placed for the night in his former study, while workmen fitted up the Salle des Fêtes as a huge mortuary chamber. This saloon was heavily draped in black hangings, relieved by tricolours and laurel wreaths, while eight heavy silver candelabra shed a lurid light upon the scene. No religious symbols, however, were present in the room. The coffin was placed upon the catafalque used at M. Thiers' funeral, and was surrounded by a huge canopy. Several of the best-known artists in France superintended the arrangements. Madame Grévy placed the first wreath on the coffin, which was speedily covered with floral tributes from mourners of every class. Long before the appointed time a long "tail" of people formed outside the doors of the Palais Bourbon in order that they might be able to take a last look at the coffin which contained all that was mortal of the Republican leader, and throughout Thursday and Friday last week a continual stream of mourners defiled through the room, which speedily assumed an almost gay appearance from the wealth of flowers and wreaths which were continually arriving. Foremost amongst these were gigantic wreaths sent by the towns of Alsace and Lorraine which were annexed to Germany after the war, such as Metz, Strassburg, Colmar, and Mulhouse.

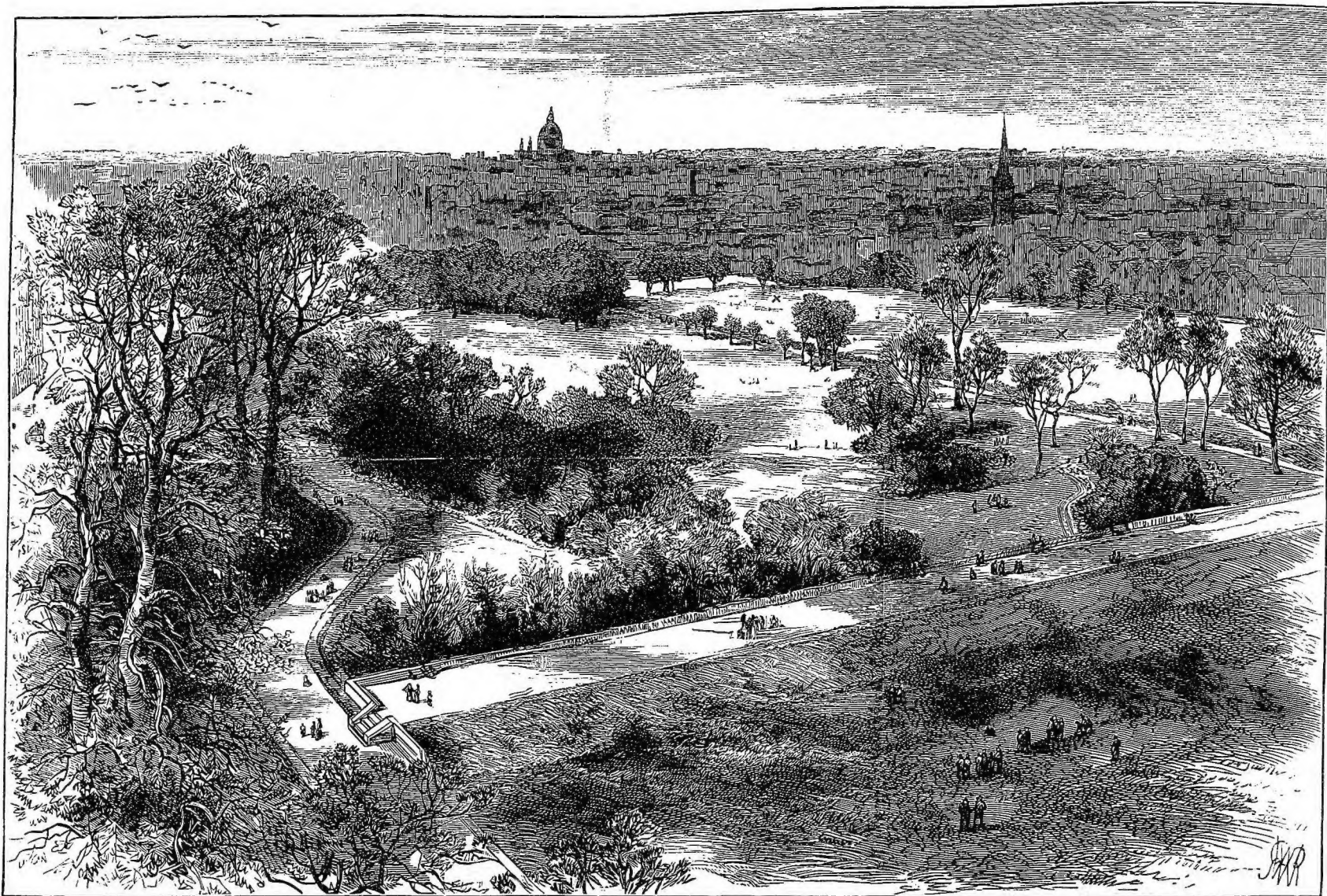
THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

PARIS was astir betimes on Saturday morning, and the streets and thoroughfares through which the funeral procession was to have passed were early lined with thousands upon thousands of spectators. At ten o'clock the coffin was removed from the mortuary chamber, and carried down to the funeral car, which had been constructed from the designs of M. Bastien Lepage. This was a wheeled platform, on which rested a species of pyramid, and on this was placed the coffin draped with a tricoloured flag. Silver vases, in which incense was burnt, were placed at each corner, the sides of the car were ornamented with violets and white lilacs, while numerous wreaths and flags appeared here and there, the principal being one of orange immortelles sent by Alsace and Lorraine. The procession was probably the grandest funeral cortege which has ever passed through the streets of Paris. Not only was the whole of the official and diplomatic world present, but almost every town in France had sent its delegates, to the number of 52,000, while political associations, Freemasons, and representatives of every trade and profession were represented. To come to the actual procession, it was headed by a detachment of the Republican Guard, and then came three cars filled with the various tributary flowers and immortelles—the amount of which may be estimated from the fact that 10,000l. was spent alone in these objects amongst the florists of the boulevards. Next followed delegates from Belleville, the favourite constituency of M. Gambetta, the schoolboys belonging to that district, the staff of the *République Française*, and then the car, the pall bearers being M. Fallières, Minister of the Interior; General Billot, Minister of War; M. Brisson, President of the Chamber; M. Peyrat, Vice-President of the Senate; M. Mévius, representing the electors of Belleville; M. Falateuf, the Dean of the Paris Bar; M. Sirech, Mayor of Cahors; Dr. Fieusol, and M. Etienne, and M. Martin Feuillée, President of the *Union Républicaine*. Immediately following were the members of the family, General Pittié, representing M. Grévy, the Ministers, except M. Duclerc, who could not attend, owing to his recent accident, and the Diplomatic Body. The Papal Delegate, however, was not there, for the funeral being exclusively civil he had not been invited. More than 500 deputies and senators came next, and then followed a host of military and municipal delegates and deputations from the provinces. These it would be wearisome to detail, and we will only remark that the chief remaining feature was the prominence given throughout to the delegates and the wreaths from the annexed provinces. The procession took two hours to pass, and notwithstanding the enormous crowd the most perfect order and harmony prevailed. The route followed was across the Place de la Concorde, along the Rue de Rivoli, up the Boulevard de Sébastopol, across the Place de la République down the Boulevard Voltaire, and, on onwards through the Rue de Charonne to the Boulevard Mémilmontant, and the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. There the semicircular entrance had been draped in black, and there it had been arranged that the funeral speeches should be delivered. The coffin was accordingly placed in the centre of the semicircle, and around it were grouped the chief mourners and the orators. The speeches, to which we allude elsewhere, were ten in number, and, these being delivered, the procession filed past the coffin, and the most splendid ovation which has been accorded to any statesman of modern times was finally brought to a close by the coffin being lowered into a vault—its temporary resting-place until its removal to Nice, where M. Gambetta's father, in accordance with a wish expressed by his son, insists that it shall be finally buried.

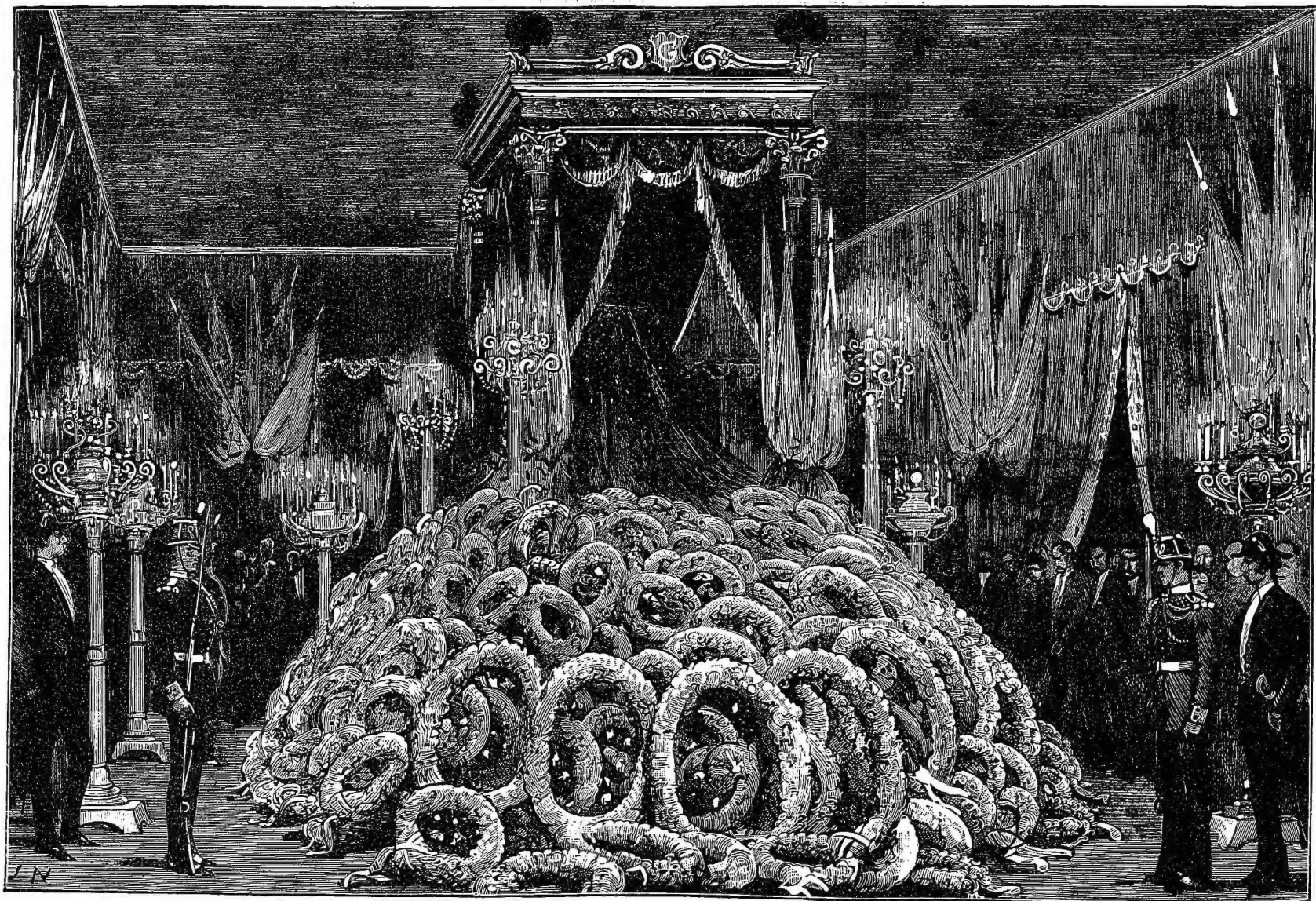
LAMBETH PALACE GROUNDS

WE give an illustration this week of the grounds attached to Lambeth Palace, the London residence for the last seven hundred years of successive Archbishops of Canterbury. It was not till the present century that the marsh-lands on the south of the Thames came to have so dense a population, and the fields at the back of the Archbishop's Palace were, in early days, of no great value. They are now surrounded on every side by close and narrow streets, except where the seven great buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital occupy what was once the "river front," with its "Bishop's Walk" of stately elms. The ground enclosed, some ten acres in extent, forms one of the breathing-spaces of South London, and the late Archbishop of Canterbury gave careful attention to the question how his property could best be utilised for the public good. We learn, on inquiry, that during the last year thirty-four cricket clubs and six football clubs from the parishes of Lambeth and elsewhere had ground allotted to them by the Archbishop for exercise and amusement which, as busy Londoners, they would otherwise have been unable to obtain, the whole available space being carefully assigned for each day in the week. Many hundred tickets, granting unrestricted admission to the grounds throughout the year, have also been issued annually by the Archbishop to the poor of Lambeth, old and young. Scores of pale children from the squalid neighbourhood avail themselves to the full of this privilege; and the whole grounds, including the private garden, are open at all times to the nurses and others of St. Thomas's Hospital. On summer evenings and on Saturdays the field is filled in every corner with cricketers and others, and earnest hopes are now expressed that the new Primate may be able to continue Archbishop Tait's generous policy for the benefit of his poorer neighbours. The field is also periodically used, by the Archbishop's permission, for school treats, volunteer corps inspections, and other kindred purposes. In the year 1882 about 9,000 persons were admitted for school treats alone. It was here that the enormous gathering of 24,000 Sunday School children was held in the presence of the Royal Family, by

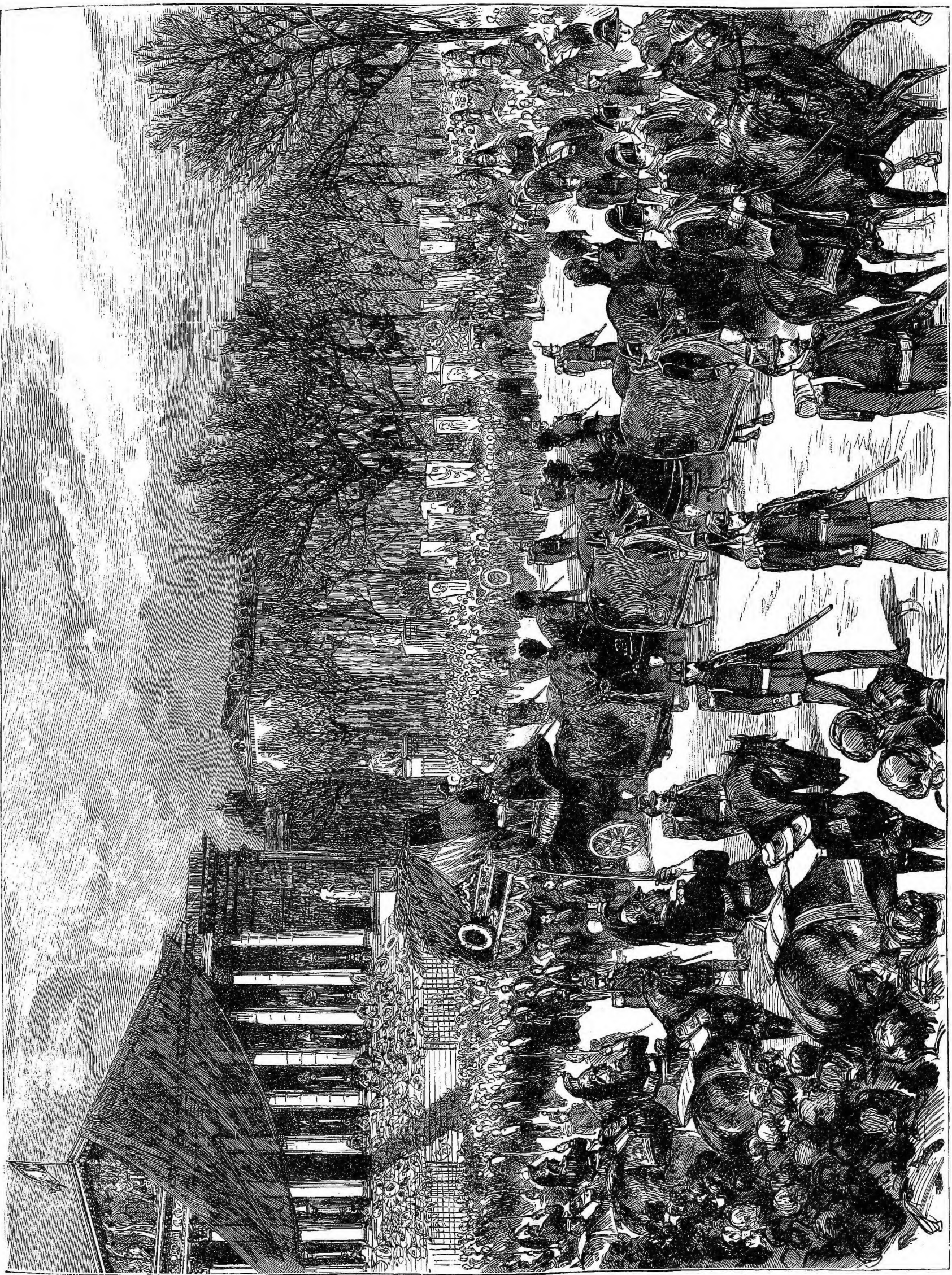
× This is the part of the grounds which it is desired should be thrown open unreservedly to the inhabitants of Lambeth



THE GARDENS OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, LAMBETH PALACE



THE LATE LÉON GAMBETTA—THE LYING-IN-STATE IN THE MORTUARY CHAMBER IN THE PALAIS BOURBON



THE LATE LEON GAMBETTA—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

invitation of the Archbishop, on July 4, 1880, to commemorate the centenary of the establishment of Sunday-schools in England.

Since the death of Archbishop Tait the question has once more been raised whether these fields could not be opened unrestrictedly to the public. The matter is not an easy one to decide. The experience of St. James's Park (with a far larger area and in a superior neighbourhood) has shown how much the intrusion of the rough element can spoil the pleasure of quiet people. If the Lambeth Palace grounds were opened without reserve, it would probably be found necessary to provide beaules and park keepers—in short, to convert the place into a miniature park, in which case it would be far less available for cricket matches, volunteer reviews, and school treats.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT BRETT

LIEUTENANT EUGENE L. BRETT, of the Scots' Guards, who died of typhoid fever on December 8, 1882, in his twenty-seventh year, was the younger son of the Right Hon. Lord Justice and Lady Brett. He was born March 3rd, 1856, was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and entered the Scots' Guards in May, 1876. Towards the close of the Russo-Turkish War he accompanied Major Frank Russell (14th Hussars) in a journey through the Balkans, after which he wrote several valuable reports for the Intelligence Department, which were highly appreciated. He was appointed Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion Scots' Guards on 2nd April, 1878, a post he regretfully resigned on proceeding to India as Senior A.D.C. to His Grace the Marquis of Ripon, K.G., in June, 1880. During the Viceroy's severe illness in the autumn of 1880 Mr. Brett nursed him with unflinching zeal. In 1881 he volunteered for service in the Transvaal, and was sent to the Cape as A.D.C. to Major-General Sir Frederick Roberts, V.C. On returning to India he resumed his post on the Viceregal Staff, but upon the outbreak of hostilities in Egypt he again volunteered for service, and accompanied, as A.D.C. to Major-General Sir H. Macpherson, K.C.B., the Indian Contingent, with which he was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and in the subsequent march to Zagazig and Cairo. He received for these services the medal and clasp for Tel-el-Kebir and the Order of the Medjidie. He returned to England after the campaign for a short time of leave, and three weeks after leaving Cairo was struck down by a virulent form of typhoid fever, against which his constitution, naturally vigorous, but undermined by the anxiety and fatigue of the campaign, was unable to contend. He died, mourned by all his friends, and regretted both by the officers under whom he served, and by the non-commissioned officers and men of his regiment, among whom, before proceeding to India, he had lived. Mr. Brett was buried in the churchyard of St. George's, Esher, with full military honours, borne to his grave by the sergeants of the battalion in which he had served during the earlier years of his career, and followed by the General whom he had accompanied to Egypt, as well as by the relatives and comrades who are left to mourn his loss.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Van der Weyde, 182, Regent Street, W.

THE LATE BISHOP OF LLANDAFF

BOTH in age and in seniority of consecration Dr. Alfred Ollivant was the oldest Bishop on the Bench. He was born in Manchester in 1798, and was educated at St. Paul's School, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree as Sixth Wrangler in 1821. From 1827 down to 1843 he held the Vice-Principalship of St. David's College, Lampeter, where he made himself practically acquainted with the Welsh language. From 1843 to 1849 he held the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge, to which was annexed the Rectory of Somersham, in Huntingdonshire. In 1849 he was consecrated as Dr. Copleston's successor in the See of Llandaff, a Diocese including the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth. Dr. Ollivant married in 1828 Alicia Olivia, daughter of the late Lieutenant-General William Spencer, of Bramley Grange, Yorkshire. The late Bishop was famed for his moderation and his learning, and his opinion was much respected both in his Diocese and his old University. He was a constant attendant at the Speech Days and Apposition Days of his old school, St. Paul's.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJAH OF TRAVANCORE

THE Maharajah of Travancore has been appointed by Her Majesty to the highest class (G.C.S.I.) of the Star of India, and will be invested with the insignia early in January at public Durbar.

Travancore is a kingdom in Southern India, lying to the south of Cochin and British Coimbatore, and stretches thence to Cape Comorin. It contains about six thousand square miles, and has a population of two and a half million persons. The Maharajah, who succeeded his brother, the late Maharajah, on the 31st of May, 1880, was born on the 19th May, 1837, and is one of the most enlightened chiefs in India. He is really a wonderful man. He contributes to the press, and writes books and pamphlets in a style few Englishmen would be ashamed of. He has had a careful training, is liberal-minded, and of broad views; has a first-class English college at his capital, has a great love for science, and is a fair practical chemist. All these qualities in a native are rare, and when the native is a Prince, with unbounded wealth, and with the Government of a kingdom on his hands, it is still more rare.

While His Highness was chiefly known by his literary activity. He has published numerous works and pamphlets on interesting subjects. He was educated by the famous Sir Madhava Rao, who has just retired from the Premiership of the Baroda State. It was the Maharajah's able article, headed "An Indian Statesman," published in the *Calcutta Review*, that brought Sir Madhava to the notice of Her Majesty's Viceroy, and procured his appointment to the post he has just retired from. It is really surprising to see the great command the Maharajah has over English; and the pamphlet which he addressed to the Governor of Madras last May, on the subject of Higher Education, gained for him universal praise, not only on account of the style and line of thought, but also on account of the clear and far-seeing policy contained in it. Mr. Grant-Duff, writing to his Highness, concluded his letter by saying "the document greatly increases the already strong sympathy and great esteem I feel for your Highness."

While travelling through India the Maharajah met with a perfect ovation at Bombay, the inhabitants presenting him with an address and giving a public entertainment in his honour.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta.

THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE INDUS AT ATTOCK

THIS bridge is one of the most important works which, from a military point of view, has been constructed of late years. Attock is a strong fortress on the Indus, and is also the point where that river is crossed by travellers from the Punjab to Peshawur and Afghanistan. This is supposed to have been the spot where Alexander the Great crossed the Indus, and from time immemorial a bridge of boats has existed, but owing to the flooded state of the river at certain times the bridge is removed during part of the year, and all ferrying has to be done by means of boats. Thus considerable difficulty is experienced in sending reinforcements of troops to Peshawur, and the military authorities have long been anxious that some permanent means of communication should be established. It was first proposed to bore a tunnel, but the soil proved to be too porous for this, so that it was ultimately decided to build a bridge to join the lines of railway on either side of the river. Thus in a short time the ordinary traveller will be enabled to visit Peshawur and the Khyber Pass with a minimum of trouble

and a comparatively small expenditure of time—Attock being only forty miles from Peshawur. The bridge, which was visited by the Viceroy during his recent tour, consists of five spans, three on land of 257 feet, and two middle spans of 308 feet. The river runs about six miles an hour, and is about four fathoms deep. This necessitated first bridging the river with a temporary arrangement of trussed baulks to act as staging. This arrangement is the first of the kind attempted in India for so large a span.—Our sketch is from a sketch by Mr. Edmund H. Tuck, Assistant Engineer, D.P.W.

ARABI PASHA LEAVING EGYPT

ON the evening of December 26th, at 11 P.M., Arabi and his six colleagues, Toulba, Abdelal, Mahmoud Fehmi, Ali Fehmi, Yacoub Sami, and Mahmoud Sami, left Cairo for Suez, under the charge of the Hon. Mr. Mark Napier. On arriving at Suez on the morning of the following day, about 3 A.M., Arabi and his fellow exiles embarked on the steamer *Marceitis* for Ceylon.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. James Nelson.

ANIMAL VACCINATION

WITH a view to encouraging vaccination, the Local Government Board have recently opened at 95, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C., an institution where the public can be vaccinated free of charge direct from the calf. Commodious premises have been secured, and here at half-past ten every Tuesday and Thursday mornings adults and children attend for the purpose of being vaccinated from calves, which have been previously inoculated.

Every possible care is taken to ensure that the calves are in thoroughly good health, and before being admitted into the stables they are examined by one of the Veterinary Inspectors of the Privy Council, who certifies to their condition. They are then kept under observation for a short time, and are finally inoculated.

For this purpose the calf is brought into the operating room, and made to stand against a table with a moveable top, which can be placed in a perpendicular position. The calf is then fastened to the top of the table, which is immediately shifted to a horizontal position, carrying the calf with it. The abdomen is shaved, the lymph inserted into the skin, and the calf returned to its stable. At the end of five days the vesicles have risen, and the animal is again placed on the table, this time to supply lymph for the vaccination of persons attending at the institution, and also for the National Vaccine Establishment at Whitehall.

Fig. 2 of our drawings shows the position of the calf upon the table while lymph is being removed from it upon ivory points, one of which the operator holds in his hand.

Fig. 3 shows the vaccination of an infant; this operation is so precisely similar to vaccination with humanised lymph, with which we are all acquainted, that it needs no comment, except to point out that the punctures are made in a particular pattern, as shown in Fig. 1, so that it may be possible in the future to distinguish those who are vaccinated with calf lymph from those who have received lymph from an infant.

Some hundreds of children have already been vaccinated at the Animal Vaccine Establishment with excellent results, but we understand that vaccination direct from the calf is so much more successful than with calf lymph which has been stored in tubes or on ivory points, that it is recommended that those who wish to be vaccinated with calf lymph should attend at the institution for the purpose.

Fortunately neither the inoculation of, nor the removal of, lymph from the calf causes the animal any appreciable suffering, indeed it frequently sleeps during these operations, and the best evidence that its comfort is not seriously interfered with is the fact that it invariably improves in condition and increases in weight during its residence at Lamb's Conduit Street.

A BUDDHIST MONASTERY IN QWANGTUNG, CHINA

THE Tán Há Shán, or Red Cloud Mountain Monastery, in which some score of Buddhist priests drone away their lives, is perched halfway up a huge wedge of sandstone rock in the northern portion of the Qwangtung province of China. The sandstone formation, of which this wedge forms a prominent feature, is about twenty miles in length by ten or twelve in breadth, and is intersected by a shallow, winding river, that leads up to the district city of Yan Fá. The whole formation crops up suddenly out of a comparatively smooth limestone country, and presents a picturesque abruptness of effect. Walls, towers, crowns and needles of rock, ranging from five hundred to more than a thousand feet in height, and exhibiting every diversity of colour, start up in most unexpected postures and outlines.

The wedge of rock on which the monastery nestles is three or four miles in length, above a thousand feet in height, and looks, as one approaches it from the south, not unlike the hull of an old three-decker fighting ship. The monastery buildings are planted on a narrow shelf of rock, corresponding to the mid-deck, and are reached from the river by a narrow paved ascent, relieved in its steeper sections by 420 stone steps. The ascent is overshadowed by pines and bamboos.

Outside the heavy monastery gates, planted at the head of the ascent, an inscription, cut in the face of the rock, in characters two feet long, announces that "The dust of the world comes not here." The motto is meant to point to the detachment and unworldliness of the inmates.

From the front verandahs of the Monastery buildings one may descry across crags, inaccessible even to the wild antelopes of the district, boats creeping along in the river, 500 feet below, with their cargoes of salt, and crockery, and Canton small ware, or watch the smoke rising amongst the hamlets of the widening plain in the distance. During a short vacation in the summer of 1881 the present writer and two friends were allowed to rent the Hall of the Eight-armed Maritchi, the Goddess of Light, and fed, lounged, read, and slept for three weeks in the society of twenty or thirty life-sized images. No hesitation whatever was shown in giving three foreign guests a "shake-down" in the company of these distinguished saints. The only protest our native servants encountered when they began to hang up bags and satchels on the extended arms and round the necks of the gods was from their foreign masters.—Our engravings are from sketches by the Rev. Thomas G. Selby (of Canton, China), Derby Road, Nottingham.

THE COLLISION IN THE MERSEY

See page 39.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR DOLGELLY

THIS singular accident took place at Vriog cutting on the Cambrian Railway on the evening of New Year's Day. The scene of the occurrence was at a point between Llyngwrl and Barmouth, where the rails skirt, at a considerable eminence from the water, the shore of Cardigan Bay. About eight feet above the railway line in the cliff side is the turnpike road, which a retaining wall protects. This wall with a portion of the road gave way, and fell on the railway. The 5.30 train from Machynlleth to Pwllheli was advancing at its ordinary speed when the engine dashed into the obstruction. The engine and tender rolled over the precipice to the sea-shore, a distance of about fifty feet. The engine-driver and stoker were instantly killed, their bodies being shockingly mutilated on the jagged rocks. The four carriages and van, which with the engine and tender made up the train, did not go over the precipice. The first carriage turned over on its side, and lay partly overhanging the cliff, the coupling between it and the tender having fortunately

broken. The second carriage turned over on its side among the rubbish, while the remaining two did not leave the rails. The extent of the disaster was lessened by a second landslide, which took place just as the train arrived at the spot, and this prevented the carriages from following the engine and tender by partially burying them. Only a few passengers were in the train. Captain Pryce, of Cyfeonydd, Welshpool, Vice-Chairman of the Cambrian Railway, was in the overturned carriage, but he, as well as the other passengers, marvellously escaped without injury.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Owen, Gomerian Studio, Barmouth.

CENTRAL TOWER, PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL

IT is certainly time that our architects and engineers turned their attention to the important subject of preserving ancient buildings from falling down. The great progress which engineering science has made during the last half century would have led us to expect that some other means might have been arrived at of protecting our noble old churches and cathedrals from such a fate without pulling them down. Yet unfortunately the past few years have been rather disastrous in this respect. The spires of the Cathedrals of Chichester and Fritzlar (in Germany), the tower of St. John's, Chester, not to mention many less known buildings, have absolutely come down with a run, and we are now told that the central tower of Peterborough Cathedral must be pulled down to avoid a similar catastrophe. There ought to be some kind of "commission" in this country, composed of architects and engineers, whose duty it should be to visit our ancient cathedrals and churches from time to time, with the purpose of ascertaining what is their structural condition, and that they should be empowered to order such works as are absolutely necessary for the stability of the various buildings which they have to visit or report upon. These visits need not take place more than about once in three years, but the reports should be published, so that the public and those interested in the buildings may know what is their actual condition.

The central tower of Peterborough Cathedral was originally constructed by Abbot William de Waterville, about the year 1175, but probably little of his work exists except the four noble arches and columns which support it, and it is doubtful whether the arches opening into the choir and nave have not been altered since his time. The eight great windows lighting the lantern are works of the middle of the fourteenth century. The octagonal buttresses and parapet are probably a century later, whereas the ugly lanky pinnacles only date from the commencement of the present century. It is probable that the tower was at some time or other capped by a spire of wood covered with lead, but this must have been removed many years back, as it is not shown in King's View of the Cathedral, which was taken before the year 1655. It is calculated by Mr. Pearson that the cost of re-erecting this tower will be about 40,000l.

THE SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC IN CAPE TOWN

A SMALL-POX epidemic has recently been raging at Cape Town, where the cases are estimated to have amounted to from 3,000 to 4,000. As is usually the case, the worst form of the disease prevailed amongst the black population, scarcely a street being without some sufferer from the malady. The Mayor and Town Council were doing their utmost to combat the epidemic, and had established a Municipal Hospital in an isolated position, some three miles away from the town, on the Cape Flats, which is generally termed "Renzkie's Farm." Here Caffres, Hottentots, and other coloured folk are daily removed, and receive good clothing and medical attendance gratis, while Europeans can be treated there on payment of a fee of 7s. 6d. per diem, for which they can be furnished with every necessity on a much better scale. Renzkie's Farm is a collection of buildings. Of these six are constructed of galvanised iron, but on different principles; the remainder are built after the Dutch fashion. Not far from the wards are sentry-boxes for the guards. Iron bars are fastened to the windows; but, notwithstanding every possible precaution, many of the black patients contrive to escape.—Our sketches are by Mr. Dennis Edwards, of the Cape Commercial Bank, Cape Town. The first represents two patients arriving by the ambulance, which is drawn by four horses. One of the sufferers is able to walk. The other is carried on a stretcher which lies at the bottom of the vehicle. The second sketch depicts a runaway patient; while the third portrays a convalescent dinner, which is frequently a somewhat excited gathering.

"BREAD AND BUTTER DAYS"

THIS engraving needs no explanation at our hands. It forms the frontispiece to our Twenty-Sixth Volume. The original picture by Mr. Weedon Grossmith has been recently exhibited at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

"LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA"

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by Sydney Hall, is continued on page 45.

"WAIFS AND STRAYS"

THIS picture explains itself. We will only venture to remark that if all juvenile waifs and strays had as well-rounded limbs and as comely faces as the boys here assembled they would not so often need our active sympathy. The waif and stray of actual life is too often a very different creature, with rickety limbs, and a face wizened by privation and the life of the streets.

MADEIRA TO SIERRA LEONE

THESE engravings are from sketches made by Mr. H. H. Johnston during a yacht-voyage. The first view from the sea of Funchal, the capital of Madeira, is very picturesque, rising as it does from the water's edge, at first on gently sloping ground until the background, rising suddenly, becomes a range of mountains, three or four thousand feet high. Again, the view of the city from the *quintas*, or country houses, which stand on the terraces cut in these mountain slopes, is equally attractive. The houses, which are all well and solidly built of stone, are charmingly diversified in their architecture and their colouring, while the effect is enhanced by the luxuriant vegetation in the gardens.—The Brazen Head is called by the Portuguese Cabo do Garajão, or Cape of Terns, from the number of these birds by which it is frequented. It is a favourite resort for excursionists from Funchal, from which it is only three or four miles distant. The region round about is interspersed with deep ravines, which, when first discovered, were densely wooded to the very summit of the mountains.—The Peak of Tenerife, which rises to the height of 12,236 feet in the island of the same name, one of the Canaries, does not always show to the same advantage. Sometimes it towers aloft, like a cloud-summit in the firmament, at other times it has a tamer and more prosaic aspect, as here shown.—The flying fishes are familiar sights in the inter-tropical seas. Sometimes one strikes a sheet or a sail while crossing the vessel, and drops helpless on the deck; sometimes the hungry little fellow is caught with a bait.—The colony of Sierra Leone was founded in 1787 as a place of refuge for liberated negroes. It now contains a population of 56,000 blacks. Freetown is the capital. The climate is less unhealthy than it was since the land has been partially cleared and cultivated; but it would be still healthier if the drainage were more carefully looked after.

NOTE.—We omitted to mention last week that the original picture of the engraving "Evening," by Miss Charlotte M. Weekes, is the property of Mr. H. Carr, 3, Russell Court, Catherine Street, Strand.



THE PREMIER'S ILLNESS has proved more serious than the slight indisposition spoken of a few days back, and on Saturday last it was thought expedient to telegraph to London for his old medical adviser, Dr. Andrew Clark. The result has been that the Mid-Lothian campaign must be given up, and that absolute rest and relaxation have been enjoined if Mr. Gladstone wishes to meet Parliament in February in his usual state of health and vigour. The Premier has, in fact, been over-exerting himself; and the fatigues of the Autumn Session, of which the lion's share fell wholly on his shoulders, and of the additional fortnight in London, while the Ministry was undergoing the process of reconstruction, have brought on an access of sleeplessness and nervous irritation for which perfect repose is the only remedy. Mr. Gladstone has written letters of excuse to the Secretary of the Mid-Lothian Liberal Association, and to Lord Rosebery, lamenting that he cannot pay a visit which would have given "my generous constituents an opportunity of comparing fully and in detail my declarations before the election of 1880 with my conduct since," and even the disappointed Liberals of Mid-Lothian are quite convinced of the wisdom of Dr. Clark's advice, and only hope that a shorter visit at Easter will make some amends for the abandonment of a campaign which as originally planned would have proved much too arduous and exhausting. Mr. Gladstone was able to attend church on Sunday, though he did not, as usual, read the Lessons, nor was he present at the audit-day dinner of the Hawarden tenants.—On Monday Sir Charles Dilke was re-elected for Chelsea, a borough which he has now represented for fifteen years. He was proposed by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., and seconded by the Rector of the parish, the Rev. Gerard Blunt. Of the late speeches addressed by Sir Charles to his constituents, the most interesting was that on Friday evening, in which he sketched, from a slightly different point of view to that taken by him some years ago, the place of the Radicals in the great army of Liberals. It is not by "attempting to steer an independent course," but by diffusing their ideas so that they permeate the entire party that the advanced Reformers, so Sir Charles thinks now, will best forward their ideal ends; and Liberals generally "cannot possibly overrate the influence of Mr. Gladstone's genius in welding together the different elements the party has had, and giving it its present position of predominance."—At Newcastle, Mr. Cowen's annual address to his constituents has been conspicuous for that vigorous hard-hitting which so much delights a Northumbrian audience. "The distinguishing characteristic of the Cabinet has been," he holds, "its passion for coercion. They have applied it everywhere—on Parliament, on Ireland, and on Egypt." "Egypt may, nay probably will, prosper under our rule," but was it for English Liberals to dissipate "the dream of an Arab Nationality?" In Ireland we have done either too much or too little. Let us go a step further, and honestly buy the landlords out, set up a peasant proprietary, abolish "the Castle," and entrust to the people the administration of the law. An amendment to the usual vote of confidence on the ground that Mr. Cowen persistently voted with the Conservatives had only 200 supporters.—At Plymouth Mr. E. Clarke has been saying of the dual leadership what many in his party think, but few like him are bold enough to utter; and in West Somerset Sir Henry James has delivered a vigorous defence of Liberal administration, as a prelude to the future campaign in which his party hope their champion, Lord Kilmuir, will wrest from the Conservatives one of the seats which they have now monopolised for forty years.—Dr. Lyon Playfair—never too robust in health, and unwilling, perhaps, to face the possible recurrence of certain unpleasantness on the part of unruly members—has informed the Speaker of his intention to resign the Chair as soon as it is convenient to the House to nominate a successor.—Mr. Fawcett, M.P., has arrived this week at Aldeburgh-on-Sea, and is staying at Alde House with Mr. Newson Garrett. His constituents, the working men of Hackney, have set on foot a movement to present him with a testimonial—in the form probably of a silver shield.—Both Lord Elcho and his rival, Mr. Finlay, Q.C., have issued their addresses to the electors of Haddingtonshire—Lord Elcho as a Moderate Conservative who is in favour of the lowering of the franchise if accompanied by a just redistribution of seats; Mr. Finlay as a supporter of reform of the land and licensing laws, and of extra provisions for the administration of Scottish affairs.—From a somewhat ancient correspondence of last year, recently published by "the Cremation Society of England," we learn that the present Home Secretary is of the same opinion as his predecessor that "the practice of cremation ought not to be sanctioned except under the authority of an Act of Parliament," and that "if the undertaking be persisted in, it will be his duty either to test its legality in a Court of Law, or to apply to Parliament for an Act to prohibit it until the whole subject has been considered."

GLOOMY REPORTS continue to pour in from the distressed districts in the West of Ireland. Mr. Trevelyan has returned from Donegal "without promising anything," as Father Gallagher, of Carrick, now at the end of his resources, complains sadly. At Kilrush relief works have been started by public subscription, and in Ballinasloe two deaths have been reported from starvation. Emigration and indoor relief are still bitterly opposed, both by the clergy and the Nationalists; while, in the more impoverished districts, it would be useless to call upon the Guardians to supplement the Government emigration grants by a contributory rate-in-aid, however trifling. Even the better class of small farmers are in great straits in many places, especially those who have strained their resources to the utmost to be in a position to take advantage of the Arrears Act.—Archbishop Croke has published a letter warmly advocating Mr. O'Brien's claims to sit for Mallow—claims which will be further supported by Mr. Sexton, M.P., who was to take Mallow after Sligo, where his proposed National League meeting has been prohibited by the authorities. At Sligo Mr. Sexton was presented by his admirers with a purse containing 500 guineas. Mr. Goulding, the rumoured Conservative candidate for Mallow, has not taken the field, through fear, it is said, that his candidature would only benefit Mr. O'Brien.—The Dublin Exhibition was closed on Saturday last with an address by the Lord Mayor, in which he declared that it had taught the people a high moral lesson, and shown that, when they had made up their minds for a great work, they would do it in spite of all opposition. 11,908 had been taken at the doors, and a surplus would remain, after all expenses, when the materials of the building were sold. On the other hand, the *Daily News* asserts that the undertaking, not much of a success in any way, has been financially a lamentable failure. The 20,000, subscribed in the form of shares may be looked upon as nearly all lost.—Mr. Gray, M.P., has offered the gold medal presented to him by the Gray Indemnity Committee, with its inscriptions describing the circumstances of his committal and the subsequent action of the Government, to the Corporation of Dublin, to be attached in perpetuity to the High Sheriff's chain of office. The proposal was shelved for the time by an amendment moving the previous question.—Colonel Talbot, the Chief Commissioner of Police, has sent in his resignation, and will be succeeded by Mr. D. Harrel, R.M., a member of the recent

Committee of Inquiry, and a gentleman who won much praise for tact and firmness during difficult times some years ago in Belfast.—A reward of 50*l.*, awarded him by the Lord Lieutenant, was presented on Monday, at a full parade of all the constables in aid, to Charles M'Donnell, the army pensioner, who seized Patrick Delany when on the point of attacking Mr. Justice Lawson.—Notwithstanding several sporadic cases of assault and moonlighting, the state of the country continues to improve, the monthly returns of outrages for December not exceeding eighty-five. The military, it is announced, will no longer be required to assist the civil power on protection duty.

A **TERRIBLE ACCIDENT**, causing the instant loss of three lives, occurred on Saturday night at the Willingsworth Colliery, near Wednesbury. There was some delay in getting ready the cage in which "the night shifts" had to be drawn up, and the men, in their impatience, signalled to the banksman to pull them up on the top of the tank which had been used for drawing water. Five in this way were drawn up safely, but as the next three were in the act of stepping out the wire rope snapped in twain, and they fell with it to the bottom of the pit, from which their mutilated bodies were recovered on Sunday afternoon. Their companions, who were waiting to ascend, hearing the noise of something falling, drew back in time to save themselves. The regulations strictly forbid all attempts to ascend the pit except in the cage.—The *British Empire*, of Shields, has been burned at sea. Ten persons are known to have been saved. Two boats, one with the captain and five hands, the other with the chief mate and nine hands, are missing.—Another death, that of Grace Ellen Fawthrop, has been added to those caused by the fall of a chimney at Bradford, making a total now of fifty-four. The adjourned inquest was resumed on Tuesday before Mr. Hutchinson, the borough coroner.

A **SHIP CANAL** is proposed to unite the Solway and the Tyne. An engineer has been engaged to survey the ground, and notice of motion in favour of the scheme has been given by a member of the Newcastle Town Council. The total distance from sea to sea is eighty miles, of which twelve are now navigable for large vessels.

RESISTANCE TO VACCINATION at LEICESTER will henceforth be pursued under decided advantages. The magistrates up to the present moment have thrown the onus of applying for distress warrants against those who have been fined for non-compliance with the Act upon the Guardians, and the Guardians have now issued orders to their officers not to apply for any warrants in the future. Unless, therefore, the Local Government Board intervene, the anti-vaccinationists of Leicester will have everything their own way.

AT A **CONFERENCE OF THE MIDLAND MINERS' FEDERATION** at Walsall this week resolutions were passed in favour of limiting the day's work to eight hours, and approving the recommendation of the Leeds Conference that all sliding scales in agreements should be terminated with the year. Other resolutions were passed for restricting out-put and discouraging the employment of unskilled workmen. Over 60,000 miners were represented at the Conference.

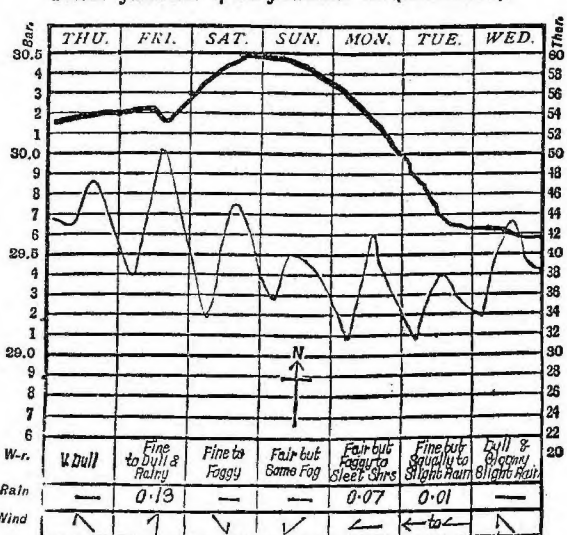
LOUISE MICHEL, the female Commune, commenced on Monday to a tiny audience a series of lectures to English people on women's rights. Her object, it is stated, is to procure some money and much sympathy for the prisoners of Lyons, some aid for the indigent proscribed of 1871, and some help towards the establishment of workshops for women, to which orders shall be sent direct, and in which all profits will be equally divided among the workers. One such she hopes to see set up in every *arrondissement* in France.

THE **HOME SECRETARY**, not unmindful of the recent recommendation of the Trades Union Congress to nominate representative working men to Inspectorships of Factories, has just bestowed one of these appointments on Mr. W. J. Davis, the Secretary of the Brassfounders' Association.

THE **NEW NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB** has more than 2,500 original members. Convenient buildings, it is expected, will be provided for it before the opening of Parliament.

THE **OBITUARY** for the week includes the name of the venerable Sir Samuel Martin, late Baron of the Exchequer, a judge once almost as well known for his love of horse racing—he was part owner of the Goodwood Cup winner, Rogerthorpe—as for his legal acumen and the ability with which he would get through a lengthy cause list. Like more than one other famous judge of modern times, Sir Samuel was compelled to retire from the Bench through deafness in 1874, when still robust in health and vigorous in intellect. After his retirement he was nominated a Privy Councillor, and was also elected an honorary member of the Jockey Club. Sir Samuel, who was a native of the North of Ireland, was born in 1801.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM JANUARY 4 TO JANUARY 10 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this period has been dull and unsettled, but more bright sunshine was recorded than of late, and rainfall was below the average. At the commencement of the time a depression—of some importance at first—moved from the south-west of Ireland in a north-easterly direction, but during the major part of the week an anti-cyclone lay to the northward of us. During Thursday and Friday (4th and 5th inst.) a depression travelled from the south-west of Ireland to the north-west of Scotland, gradually filling up on its journey, and was attended by unsettled weather. On Saturday (6th inst.), with a rising barometer, the centre of a high pressure area was found over the north-west of France, which, advancing rather quickly, had reached the Gulf of Bothnia by Wednesday (10th inst.), occasioning, during these days, cold easterly winds, with fair weather. At the close of the time a depression, which appeared in the extreme south-west of us on Monday (8th inst.), seems to be advancing to our neighbourhood. Temperature was somewhat high the first two days of the week, but has since been below the average. The barometer was highest (30.49 inches) on Saturday (6th inst.); lowest (29.57 inches) on Wednesday (10th inst.); range, 0.92 inches. Temperature was highest (50°) on Friday (5th inst.); lowest (32°) on Monday and Tuesday (8th and 9th inst.); range, 18°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.21 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.13 inches, on Friday (5th inst.).



THE **DEMOLITION OF THE TUILERIES** has at last been begun, and in pulling down a massive block of masonry the remains have been found of the old columns erected by the original architect, Philibert Delorme.

A **GENUINE CHRISTMAS TREAT** was given to the poor children of Königsberg, in Prussia, on Christmas Eve, when the town theatre admitted as many of the poor little ones of the city as the building would hold to a free performance of *Cinderella*.

KEW GARDENS were visited last year by 836,676 persons, of whom 411,572 people came on Sundays. June was the favourite month with visitors, and the largest number of persons admitted in one day was on June 6—50,688 people—while January 18 claims the smallest number, only two.

ANOTHER **NEW THEATRE** HAS BEEN OPENED IN PARIS, the Eden, formed on the model of a house of the same name in Brussels. It is a huge building, splendidly decorated, and is particularly noticeable for its three immense *foyers*, from which the stage can be seen, one of these being a winter garden, while another is fitted up as a "Cour Indienne." The entertainments given are of the circus and music hall order.

AN **INGENIOUS METHOD OF COLLECTING SUBSCRIPTIONS** FOR THE **SUFFERERS FROM THE RECENT FLOODS** in Germany has been hit upon by a Berlin journal, which proposed that on a given evening the profits of all games of chance throughout the country should be handed over for relief purposes by the winners. The suggestion was widely adopted, and so much money came in that two further evenings have been set apart this week for the same purpose.

SOME **RELICS OF THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN KING AND PARLIAMENT** have been unearthed at Brentford during some excavations for the new drainage—a quantity of antique cavalry horseshoes, embedded in gravel about eight feet below the surface. Evidently these shoes belonged to horses engaged in the battle fought at Brentford in 1642 between the forces of Charles I. and those of the Puritan party. Remnants of bones and some coins were also found.

THE **STATE APARTMENTS AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE** have been re-opened to the public, but still bear traces of the damage done by the late fire. Thus, although the wetted tapestry has been dried, it is not yet re-hung, while the oak panelling has been removed in George II.'s Closet and Private Chamber and in the King's Closet, so as to allow the walls to dry. Happily the Painted Ceiling in the Queen's Bedroom is drying most satisfactorily, and promises to re-appear completely unharmed.

A **LATIN MONTHLY MAGAZINE** has been brought out at a training college in Potsdam, New York, in order to give more life and zest to the study of the dead languages. This *Ephemeris Latina*, the *New York Critic* tells us, has organised a correspondence on Latin subjects amongst the Colleges and High Schools of the United States, which the editor calls *Catena Latina*, the members being *annuli* or links of the Latin chain. The magazine appears to be a capital little publication, full of useful aids for both teachers and scholars.

THE **COMING TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON MAY 6TH** will last for six minutes, and no solar eclipse of equal length will occur within the next century. Although partially visible in many places, it will be difficult to see it in entirety, as the path of the eclipse lies almost entirely across the sea, and touches land only at one spot, totally out of the line of travel or commerce—a little islet of five miles extent, Caroline Island, belonging to the Marquesas Group, in the South Pacific. The French Government intend to send an expedition to the island, and the Americans are planning a similar scientific trip.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—At the morning concert held at St. James's Hall on the 6th inst. four new songs were produced, three of which were received with great favour—namely, "The Romany Lass," by Stephen Adams, sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd; "Three Merry Men," by Molloy, sung by Mr. Barrington Foote; and "In the North Country," by Theo. Marzials, sung by Miss Mary Davies. This last was especially successful. The remaining song, "Quaker Cousins," by Molloy, sung by Mr. Santley, was heard with comparative indifference. The next Ballad Concert will take place on Wednesday, the 17th inst., at 3 P.M.

BABU KESHUB CHUNDER SEN, still bent on reforming his countrymen, is now trying to impress them by dramatic means, and has written and produced a play, *Navabundabun*, caricaturing the vices of modern Bengal. "The object of the drama," the *Hindoo Patriot* tells us, "is to shoot folly as it flies, and to inculcate the purifying principles of religion in the garb of histrionic representation. The sad effects of drinking, the insanity of the wife of the hero, the indignation of his stammering father at the sight of the Brahmo preachers, the repentance of the hero, and his reconciliation with his family, the tournament between Vice and Virtue, and the practical exposition of the New Dispensation were all put on the stage with great effect. Although the performance lasted more than four hours, the interest never flagged."

LONDON MORTALITY further decreased last week, and 1,556 deaths were registered, against 1,719 during the previous seven days, a fall of 163, being 306 below the average, and at the rate of 20.5 per 1,000. These deaths included 5 from small-pox (an increase of 3), 50 from measles (a decline of 6), 37 from scarlet fever (a fall of 11), 21 from diphtheria (a rise of 2), 31 from whooping-cough (a rise of 11), 1 from typhus fever, 21 from enteric fever (an increase of 6), 3 from ill-defined forms of fever, and 15 from dysentery (a decline of 4). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 384, a decline of 78, and 130 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 77 deaths, 71 were the result of accident or negligence. There were 3,044 births registered, against 2,132 during the previous week, being 50 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 46.2 deg., and 8.3 deg. above the average. The warmest day was Monday, when the mean was 53.7 deg., and 15.6 deg. above the average.

OUR **OLD FRIEND JUMBO** is proving rather a troublesome individual for Mr. Barnum to manage, according to a report in the *Field*. American air has not improved Jumbo's temper; while, as his tusks have been allowed to grow, he is more formidable than ever. Lately he walked through the side of his quarters as if they had been paper, merely by ramming his head against the wall; while, as he can snap strong beams with the greatest ease, it has been necessary to strengthen to the utmost his winter quarters at Bridgeport, Connecticut. At last, however, he has received a severe lesson. When in his travelling car, his old keeper, Scott, sleeps in a side compartment, and one night Jumbo, feeling cross, "went for" the compartment, which was smashed up like a matchbox, the creature's tusks just missing Scott's body. As it was necessary to punish Jumbo, his hind feet were hobbled, and, by the aid of two other elephants, he was made to kneel down and receive a severe thrashing with thick sticks and elephant goads. He tried to resist at first, but soon gave in, and expressed his submission by trumpeting loudly, while he has since evidently taken the lesson to heart and has behaved admirably.



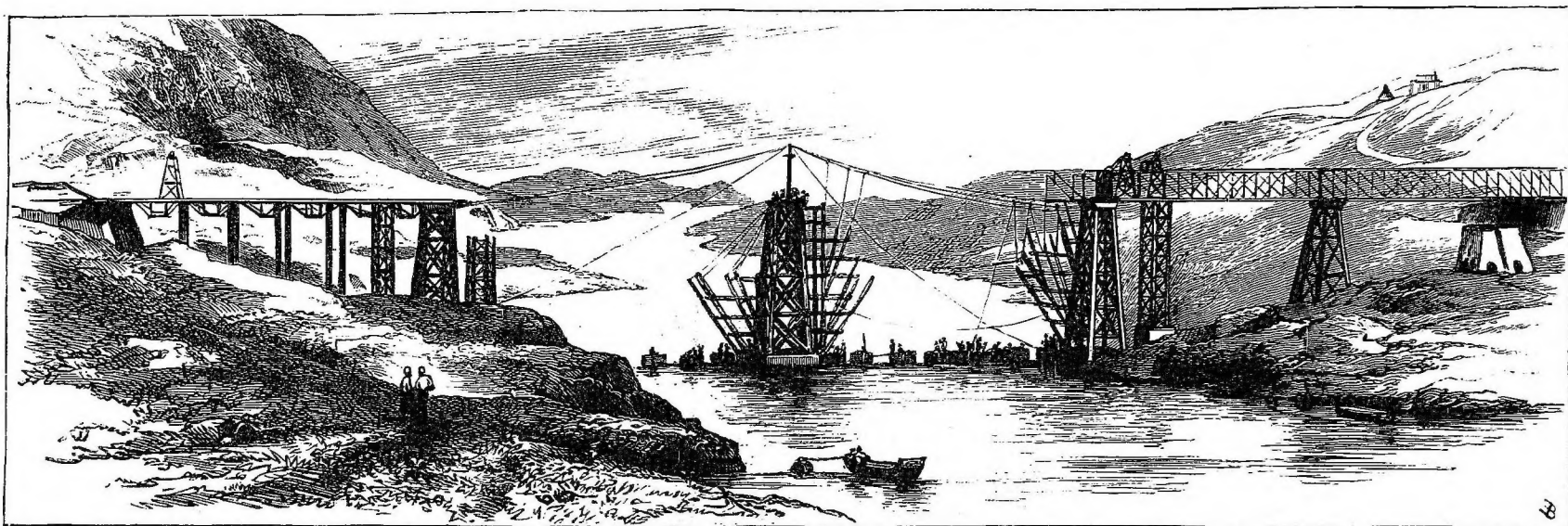
HIS HIGHNESS SIR RAMA VARMA, G.C.S.I.
Maharajah of Travancore



THE RIGHT REV. ALFRED OLLIVANT, D.D.
Bishop of Llandaff, Died Dec. 16, 1882, in his 85th Year



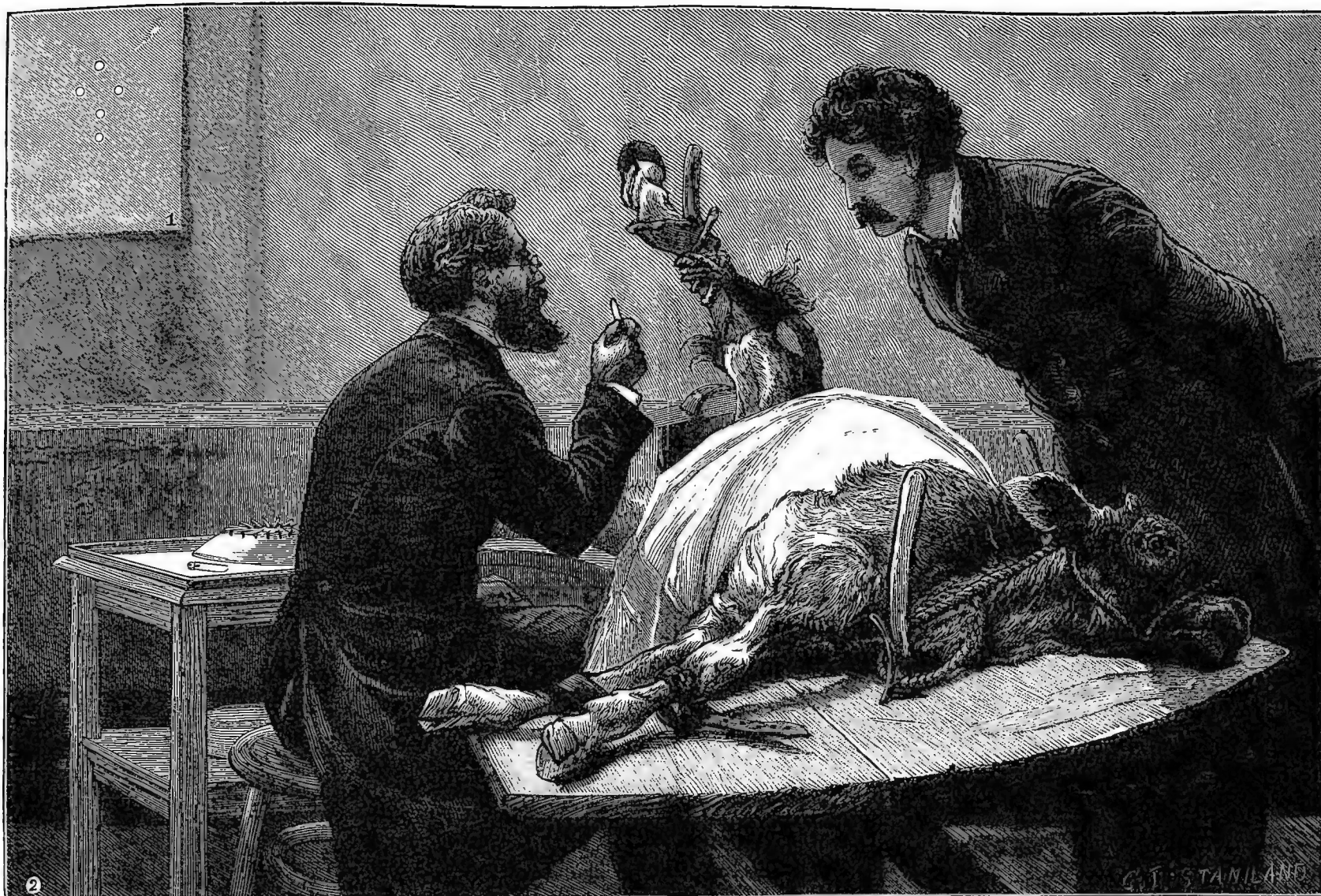
LIEUTENANT E. L. BRETT, SCOTS' GUARDS
Died Dec. 8th of Typhoid Fever Contracted During the Recent Campaign in Egypt, Aged 25



THE RECENT TOUR OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA IN THE PUNJAB—THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE INDUS AT ATTOCK
NOW NEARLY COMPLETED



EGYPT AFTER THE WAR—THE HON. MARK NAPIER BIDDING FAREWELL TO ARABI AND HIS FELLOW-EXILES ON THEIR
EMBARKATION AT SUEZ FOR CEYLON



1. Distinctive Mark of Animal Vaccination.—2. Taking Lymph from the Calf.—3. Vaccinating Infants.
VACCINATION FROM THE CALF



THE death of M. Gambetta still continues to absorb all circles in FRANCE. The funeral has been fully described in another column, but we may say a few words about the obituary speeches. Of these the most important was that of M. Brisson, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, who spoke in the name of the whole Republican party. "France," he exclaimed, "weeps for a son whose ruling passion was her glory. . . . We have still duties to fulfil, but we shall no longer hear that heroic song which was the poetry of our struggles for nearly fifteen years." Then ensued an eulogistic sketch of the career of the deceased; while, however, dwelling upon the loss the public had sustained, the speaker besought his hearers not to let their grief degenerate into discouragement, telling them that it is not with tears, but with resolutions and acts, "that such dead men should be honoured," and declared that "the Republicans would keep the Republic." M. Devès, the Minister of Justice, followed on behalf of the Cabinet in much the same strain. "He has descended prematurely to the grave," he cried, "but has left France mistress of her own destinies, prosperous, and free. The two great blessings which he most cared for—viz., Republicanism at home, and the pacific dignity of France abroad, are henceforward without attack." M. Peyrat spoke next, in the name of the Senate, and then General Billot, on the part of the Army, dwelt upon the "great patriot" who, "in the very midst of our disasters," was the "soul of the National Defence." Then came M. Cazot, who described the brilliant part that Gambetta played as his colleague in the Government of National Defence, and next M. Henri Martin, of the Patriotic League, who declared that, but for the treason of Bazaine, Gambetta would have saved France. M. Chaffourd followed for Alsace and Lorraine, M. Metivier on behalf of the Belleville Election Committee, and finally M. Isambert, in the name of the staff of the *République Française*. In the Chamber and the Senate, which re-opened on Tuesday, the oldest members, M. Guichard, who is above eighty, and M. Gaulhier de Rumilly, who is over ninety years of age, respectively pronounced a warm eulogy on M. Gambetta and his patriotism, and urged upon the Republicans a policy of prudence, conciliation, tolerance, pacification, and, above all, union.

M. Gambetta's death has been quickly followed by that of General Chanzy, who, with the Army of the Loire, co-operated with the Young Dictator in the Franco-Prussian War. From a military point of view, General Chanzy's loss to France is exceedingly great. He was an admirable General, very popular with the Army, and one of the staunchest of Republicans. It was he who M. Grévy had destined for Generalissimo of the French forces should any outbreak of hostilities necessitate such an appointment. He was buried with a State funeral at Chalons. Another noteworthy death has been that of General Vinoy, who, it may be remembered, was marching to MacMahon's relief at the time of the Battle of Sedan. While lamenting the loss of Gambetta and Chanzy, however, the Republicans are by no means neglecting arrangements for the future, and to judge from the tone adopted at several meetings of the Left and of the Republican journals the leadership of the Republican party will probably fall to M. Jules Ferry. M. Grévy, it is said, would have preferred M. de Freycinet, but the latter, with all the memories of his recent failures and unpopularity thick upon him, wisely repudiated any intention of seeking such an honour. Whoever takes the leadership, however, will certainly have to reckon with M. Clémenceau, who is the undoubtedly actual successor of M. Gambetta, both as a political orator and as the chief of the advanced section of the Republican party. Thus great danger lies from the possible division of the Republicans into two definitive camps, for there is now no one man in whom both the Moderates and the Extremists alike place confidence.

The great trial of Socialists at Lyons has begun, and on Tuesday Prince Krapotkin, the well-known Nihilist agitator, was interrogated. He unhesitatingly avowed that he had always striven to consolidate the Anarchist party and to diffuse Anarchist ideas, but warmly denied the right of a French tribunal to inquire into what he had done in foreign countries. He admitted having taken part in creating an international association of workmen, and declared that when his party had the alternative before it of being compelled to disappear or employ dynamite, it would employ dynamite. He then endeavoured to turn the tables by telling the Court, "You applauded Vera Sassulitch in France;" and in reply to the protestations of the President and the Public Prosecutor retorted that the jury before whom she was tried had acquitted her. Having admitted that he had advocated Anarchist principles at Lyons, the President reproached him with having violated French hospitality by disseminating pernicious doctrines, an allegation with which Prince Krapotkin declared that he could not agree. "His object," he announced, "was to instruct the people."

There is nothing further particularly to record except with regard to the burning question of EGYPT. The circular which is being sent to the Foreign Powers by England is naturally evoking some sharp criticism, and England is reproached with following the example of Turkey, and of proposing to France impossible conditions with a view of gaining time. A semi-official hint has been uttered that France will make a counter-suggestion for a Conference, while the London letter of the *Temps*, which is manifestly authoritatively written, contains a statement that France could not have accepted the proposition of England owing to the financial conventions which exist with other countries, and complains that while the French Government had rejected Lord Granville's offer without making any counter-proposal, that Minister was aware that the French Government was willing to examine any further proposal "of a more real and less illusive character than that offered." "The Paris Cabinet," continues the writer, "would very probably have accepted a proposal which, respecting the rights of the Controllers of the Daira and of the Domains, would have placed amongst the duties of the President of the Public Debt Commission the general supervision of the liquidation law regulating the employment of all the revenues of Egypt." The *République Française* also warmly reproaches England for her policy of "all or nothing," and describes Lord Granville's proposal as "an illusive concession based upon a violation of the Law of Liquidation." As to Lord Granville's Note, it demands the complete neutralisation and freedom of the Suez Canal, and to assimilate it with the open sea. For the rest it is couched in an explanatory tone, making no proposal, but merely intimating what England intends to do, while fully admitting the general interests of Europe. Notwithstanding her remonstrances it is manifest that France is in no humour to quarrel with England, Germany openly declares her satisfaction at the abolition of the dual control, the further maintenance of which Prince Bismarck considers to be a danger to European peace, while as for the other nations there is a general feeling that England having begun the work she had better finish it unhampered. If the final settlement is not satisfactory there will be then time enough for protest.

The funeral of M. Gambetta and the action of the French Republican party has excited great interest in GERMANY, particularly as the deputies from Metz and Strassburg took part in the funeral procession. The very prominent part which Alsace and Lorraine

have played in the obsequies has caused considerable comment, while an article in M. Brisson's journal, *Le Siècle*, in which its readers were plainly told that the "revenge" policy had in no way died with M. Gambetta, has brought forth a rebuke from the semi-official *North German Gazette*. "We shall know what to expect," exclaims the writer; "and when M. Brisson becomes one day in a position to give practical expression to his purposes, Germany will not be taken by surprise." To turn to German affairs proper, the Reichstag reopened on Tuesday, and, to the surprise of all, Prince Bismarck came down to the House, not to talk politics, however, but to announce that the Emperor had granted 30,000,000. from the Imperial treasury towards alleviating the distress caused by the recent floods. A Bill for the same purpose, for 150,000,000, has also been presented to the Reichstag—part of which, however, is to be spent in constructing protection works. Fortunately the waters of the Rhine are now falling fast, and from all parts of Central Europe comes the hopeful news that the chief danger is past. The only political item of interest is the acquittal for the second time of Professor Mommsen, the well-known historian, of the charge of having libelled Prince Bismarck during the recent election campaign.

The harmony of the peoples of AUSTRIA and ITALY runs a serious chance of being disturbed by the action of the Irredentist party, who have inaugurated a fresh campaign against Austria in revenge for the execution of the would-be assassin Oberdanek. The Italian Government and police are doing their best to put down the agitation, and have instructed that all subscribers to funds for monuments to Oberdanek shall be prosecuted. The Austrian Embassy, however, at Rome has been fired on, and the Imperial arms injured by pistol shots, while certain "University Democrats" were arrested while inaugurating a bust of the Irredentist hero. The Municipal Council of Ravenna has been dissolved for an illegal demonstration in his favour; while six Radical papers have been seized at Milan. The only other political news is the resignation of Baron Blanc, the Secretary-General for Foreign Affairs, whose differences with Signor Mancini about Egyptian affairs and the policy to be pursued towards England have long been a matter of notoriety. The Clerical journals have been discussing the report in England of negotiations between the British Government and the Vatican for the creation of an Embassy to the Pope. The report is denied as absurd.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear that in EGYPT there has been a disturbance in Alexandria between the new police and the Albanians who were at first imported by Sala Pasha to be formed into a police force, but who have since been found unsuitable. Some have accordingly volunteered for the Sudan. Others are to be shipped back to their homes.—IN TURKEY the conspiracy in Armenia, which seems to have been far more serious than had been expected, and Aleko Pasha's difficulty with the Russian Consul, which is still unsolved, have been the chief topics.—SERVIA and ROUMANIA are both anxious to take part in the coming Conference on the Danube navigation question, but Austria does not wholly approve of the idea.—IN SPAIN there has been a Ministerial crisis, owing to the Cabinet having disagreed with Señor Camacho respecting his financial schemes, and especially that of balancing the budget by certain reforms and the sale of the State forests. Señor Sagasta has accordingly reconstructed his Cabinet, admitting some Conservatives and some advanced Liberals, Señor Pelayo Cuesta taking the financial portfolio.—IN CEYLON the *Marettis*, with Arabi and his fellow-exiles, arrived at Colombo on Wednesday afternoon.—FROM BURMAH we hear that great consternation has been created at Mandalay by the report of the escape of the Mingoon Prince. King Theebaw believes that he is fated to reign only for five years, of which four have now nearly been completed. The new draft treaty to be submitted to England contains noteworthy concessions, and amongst others the establishment of a British Resident with guards at Nimhle, Mandalay, and Bhamo.—IN THE UNITED STATES there have been many public displays of mourning in honour of Gambetta. There was a terrible fire in Milwaukee on Wednesday, a hotel, Newhall House, being burnt down. Fifty persons are supposed to have perished, and thirty are seriously injured. One lady of a theatrical company, only just married, was burnt to death in view of the spectators. Tom Thumb and his wife were in the hotel, but escaped, the latter being carried down the fire-escape by a fireman. Aid was summoned from Chicago, and three fire engines were at once despatched, being conveyed ninety miles in eighty minutes.—FROM SOUTH AMERICA comes news of a proposal that Chili, Peru, and Bolivia should treat for peace without foreign intervention on the basis of the cession of Tarapaca to Chili. The President of Bolivia has accordingly decided to suspend hostilities.—IN SOUTH AFRICA Cetewayo left Capetown on the 5th inst., and was expected to disembark at Port Durnford on Wednesday.—IN CENTRAL AFRICA, while M. de Brazza has been speechifying and feasting in Paris, Mr. Stanley has been acting, and is now going up the Congo with 3,000 tons of goods.



HER MAJESTY has taken her usual walks and drives at Osborne with the Princess Beatrice. On Sunday morning the Queen and the Princess attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Dean of Windsor officiated. Dr. Benson, Archbishop Designate of Canterbury, visited Her Majesty on Tuesday.—The Queen has appointed the Duke of Cambridge personal Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty, in recognition of his services during the Egyptian campaign.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are still entertaining guests at Sandringham. Prince and Princess Christian and their two sons, who had spent the week there, left on Saturday, when the Prince and Princess of Wales and their five children joined the meet of the West Norfolk Hounds at Harpley Mill, and followed the hunt. Later in the day Earl and Countess Sydney and the Rev. Canon Tarver arrived, and next morning the Prince and Princess with their family and guests attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Tarver preached. Monday was Prince Albert Victor of Wales's nineteenth birthday, and the anniversary was commemorated at Sandringham by a meet of the West Norfolk Hounds, and a hunt breakfast given by the Prince and Princess, who with their family subsequently followed the hounds. In the evening there was a theatrical performance at Sandringham House, *The Guv'nor* being played before the Royal party by Messrs. Robertson and Bruce's comedy company. In London and Windsor the young Prince's birthday was duly honoured by bell-ringing and Royal salutes. Count and Countess Gleichen, and their son and daughter, have also left Sandringham, and next week the Prince of Wales comes to town. On Saturday he will go to Woolwich to unveil first the statue of the Prince Imperial, erected as a memorial by the United Services, and which stands within the front enclosure of the Royal Military Academy, and subsequently the monument to those officers and men of the Royal Artillery who fell in the Afghan and South African Wars.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will probably go to St. Petersburg for a short time on leaving Berlin after the German Silver Wedding festivities, and their family were to come to town yesterday (Friday) from Eastwell Park to make the necessary

arrangements.—After spending some time at Santa Barbara, California, the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne left on Saturday by steamer for San Pedro, whence they journey eastwards by special train. They make the trip very leisurely, and will stop at San Gabriel to visit Governor Stoneman's orange groves and vineyards, and at Tucson, Arizona. Thence they will pass through New Mexico and the Indian territory to Cincinnati and Richmond to Charleston, where it was at first intended that the Princess should embark for Bermuda. Lord Lorne has, however, asked the American Government whether it would be safe for the Princess to spend the winter in Charleston, and has been answered in the affirmative, so that the Princess may probably remain there. The Marquis will return to Ottawa in time to open the Canadian Parliament next month.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON, in acknowledging the recent protest of the Church Defence Association, is scarcely sure whether an answer is expected to an address couched in terms which, if addressed by a Bishop to any body, lay or clerical, would not unreasonably be resented. But the Bishop would never forgive himself or be forgiven by the majority, both clergy and laity, if he defeated the late Archbishop's dying wish for peace; nor is he aware that he can demand anything more from a duly-qualified clergyman previous to institution than testimonials from three beneficed priests, and the oaths and declarations required by law. If any knowing the good work done among the poor by men like Mr. Mackonochie and the late C. Lowder are afraid to acknowledge it on account of disciplinary or doctrinal differences, the Bishop can only pity them.

THE LONDON DIOCESAN CONFERENCE will be held on February 13 and 14 in King's College, where it will have the use of the Chapel and the Lecture Theatre. Among the subjects discussed will be (1) Spiritual progress, with special reference to the advisability of holding a general mission next year, as was done in 1874; (2) Secularism and Agnosticism; (3) Abnormal displays of Christian zeal; (4) Proposed changes in the law of marriage; (5) Disestablishment; (6) Ecclesiastical endowments in London; (7) The separation between rich and poor; (8) Young men employed in business in the metropolis; (9) Organisation of lay work in the Diocese.

AT A MEETING OF THE CONGREGATION of St. Edmund's Church, Alexandra Park, Manchester, under the Presidency of the Rev. H. W. Tindall, resolutions were passed declaring the nomination of Mr. Cowgill to the living of St. John's, Miles Platting, "a deliberate intention to perpetuate strife," and calling on clergy and laity throughout the country to support the Bishop in the matter. In a letter subsequently addressed to Mr. Tindall Dr. Fraser points out that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has been recognised ever since the Reformation as the Supreme Court of Appeal in matters ecclesiastical according to the Constitution of the Church of England, under which Constitution both he and Messrs. Green and Cowgill were ordained, and that Ritualists themselves have acknowledged this by their appeals in the case of Liddell v. Westerton. So long as the law remains unaltered it is necessary to keep within the limits of the law.

THE GAPS IN THE TOWER OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL have widened alarmingly in the last day or two, and two steam cranes are to be set to work at once to hasten its demolition. Only the west end of the nave is now open to the public. According to a letter in *The Times* from Sir Edmund Beckett, at one time or other there was an attempt to hold up the south transept front, which was leaning outward, by "strapping it to the tower;" but the transept has gone on sinking, and "has torn open the tower worse and worse."

THE OPENING MEETING of "the week of universal prayer" promoted by the Evangelical Alliance was held on Monday in Steinway Hall. Sir W. MacArthur, M.P., presided, and Archdeacon Richardson delivered an address.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY are now in Dublin. The crush was so great at the Tuesday evening meeting that several men and women were carried off fainting, and one woman had to be taken to the hospital.

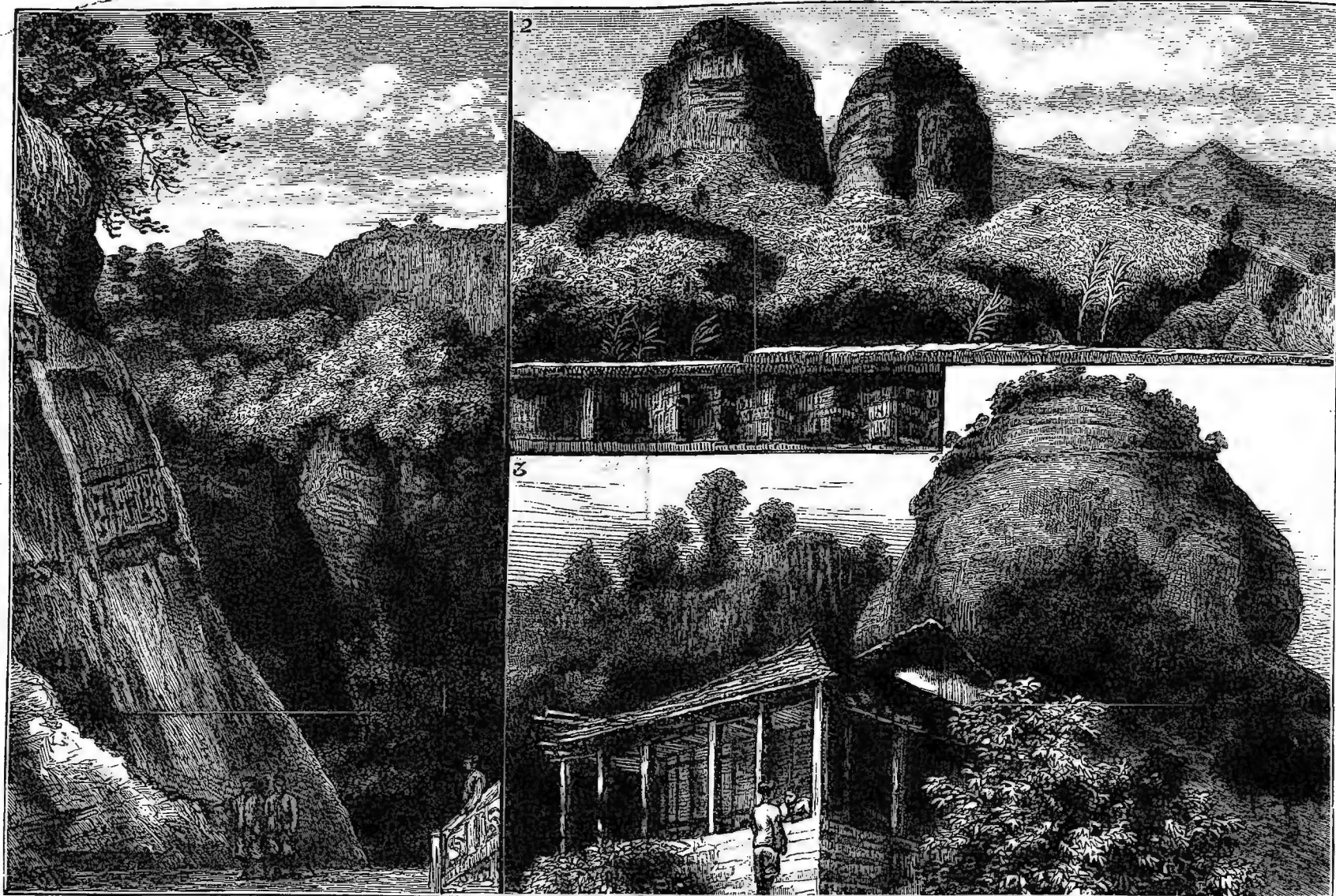
A RENEWED APPLICATION from Mr. J. S. Howell, the President of the Working Men's Movement for one free day at St. Paul's, has elicited from Dean Church a brief reply to the effect that "the Chapter are desirous to open the Cathedral as fully as is compatible with its sacred character and the necessity of providing for safety and good order." The Dean begs, however, to be excused from entering into details as to their deliberations. Regarding this letter as an ultimatum the council of the movement intend to take the opinion of the Workmen's Club with a view to immediate and vigorous action.

EUGENIE, THE CONVERTED CLOWN, is still in the hospital at Yeovil, under the charge of the police, the magistrates not considering it desirable that he should be left to the simple surveillance of the hospital officials, although two Wesleyan ministers offered themselves as sureties. Mr. Booth has written to his "dear brother" from Mentone entreating him "not to be downcast," and adding, "I will yet make that spirit of evil that has caused you this trouble pay dearly for it."

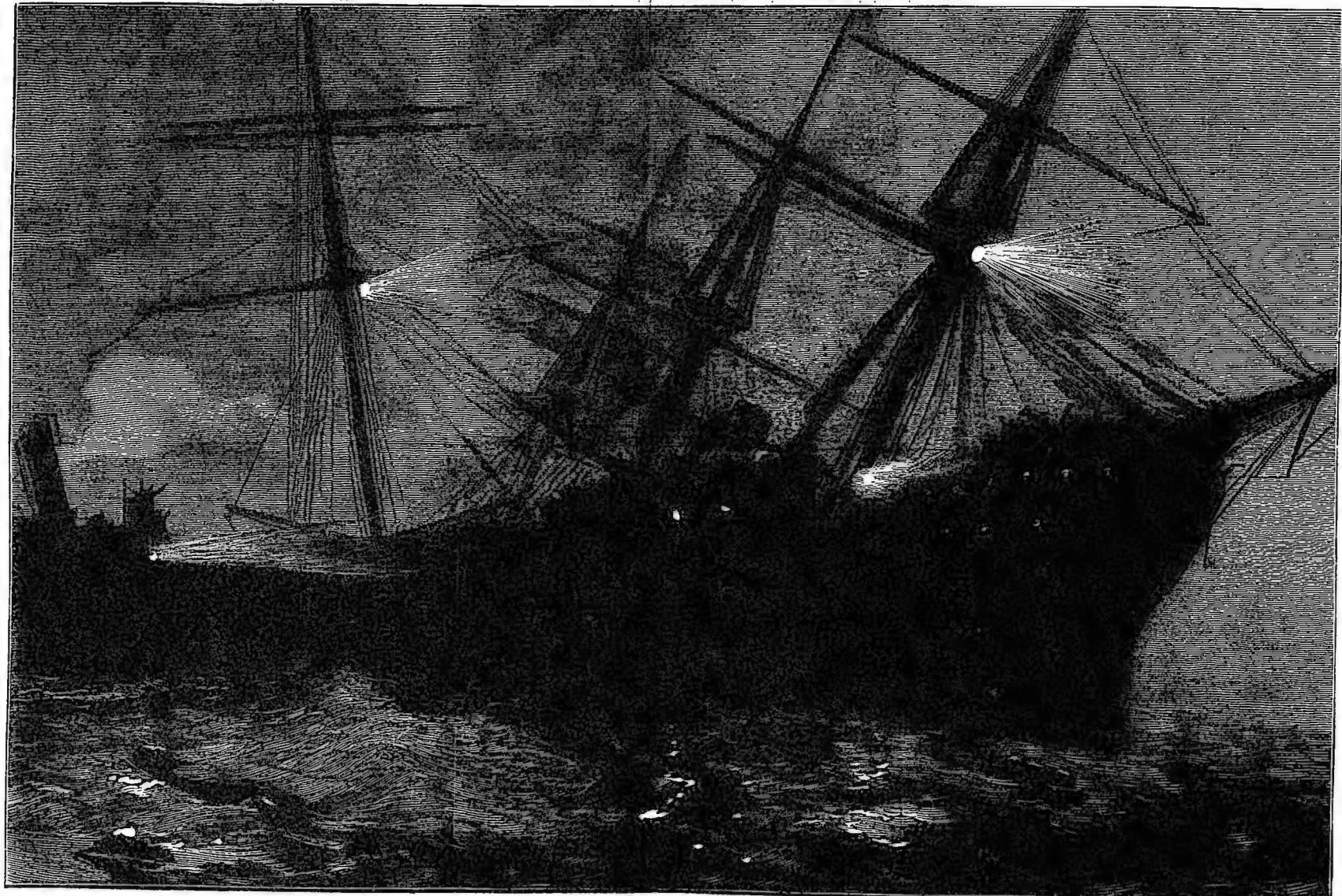


THE revival of *Forget Me Not* at the OLYMPIC Theatre, with Miss Genevieve Ward in her original character of Stephanie de Mohrivart, may in the absence of anything fresher or more attractive be acceptable to audiences who have not yet seen this somewhat artificial and repulsive piece. Miss Ward's performance is unquestionably powerful, though it is assuredly not pleasing. Her forte seems to lie in the expression of fiendish malice; in lighter passages she is somewhat wanting, for her laughter is forced and her attempts at gay insouciance are deficient in the ring of sincerity. What pleasure the play affords, however, is certainly more due to the actress than to the authors, who have really no story to tell, unless we can call that a story, which simply shows us how an intrusive and aggressive mother-in-law was confounded and driven out of the house by the mere accident of the presence of a vindictive Corsican, who had threatened to take her life. For a time there seems indeed promise of that sort of trial of wits which is always effective on the stage when well managed. Sir Horace Welby is a man of the world, and has the strongest motives for defeating the purposes of the intrusive visitor. The Marquis de Mohrivart, on the other hand, is fixed in her resolve. In spite of her antecedents and her evil reputation she is determined that the

THE SEASON.—The New Year does not begin very auspiciously for farmers. The saturated soil is drying but slowly, for the winds have not been strong, and the temperature is low. Extensive floods still prevail in the greater valleys, though they happily are now abating. The area of wheat sown is certainly small, and farmers cannot get on the land again. The damp moreover must needs be bad for the lambing season, for it is a more insidious enemy than the cold, and can be less guarded against.



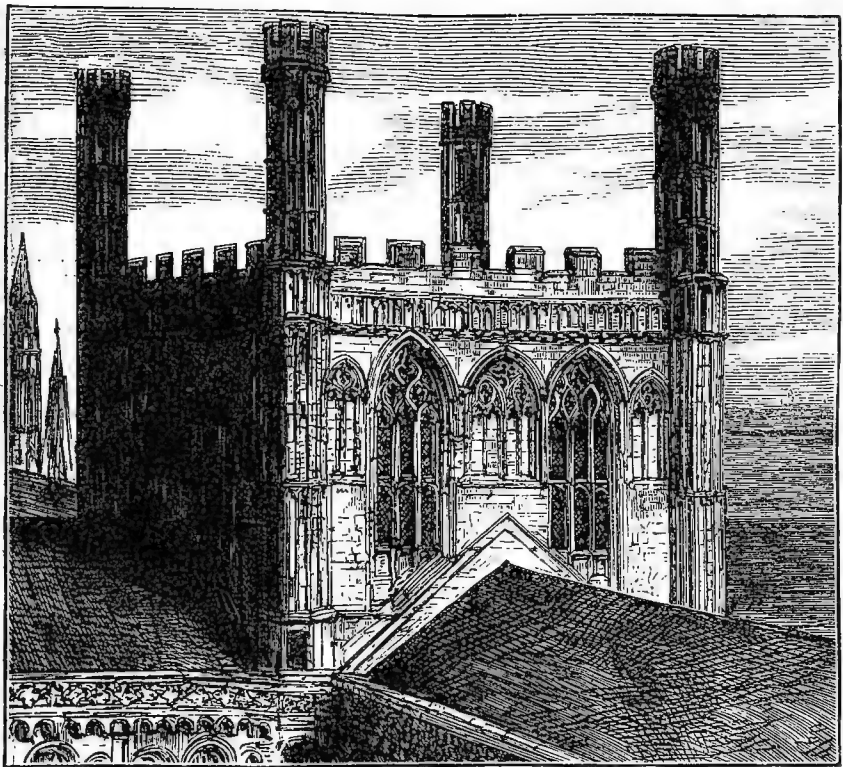
1. The Pass Leading to the Monastery Gate.—2. The View from the Front Verandah of the Hall of the Goddess Maritchi.—3. The Hall of the Goddess Maritchi.
THE BUDDHIST MONASTERY OF TÁN HÁ SHAN, OR RED CLOUD MOUNTAIN, QUANGTUNG, CHINA



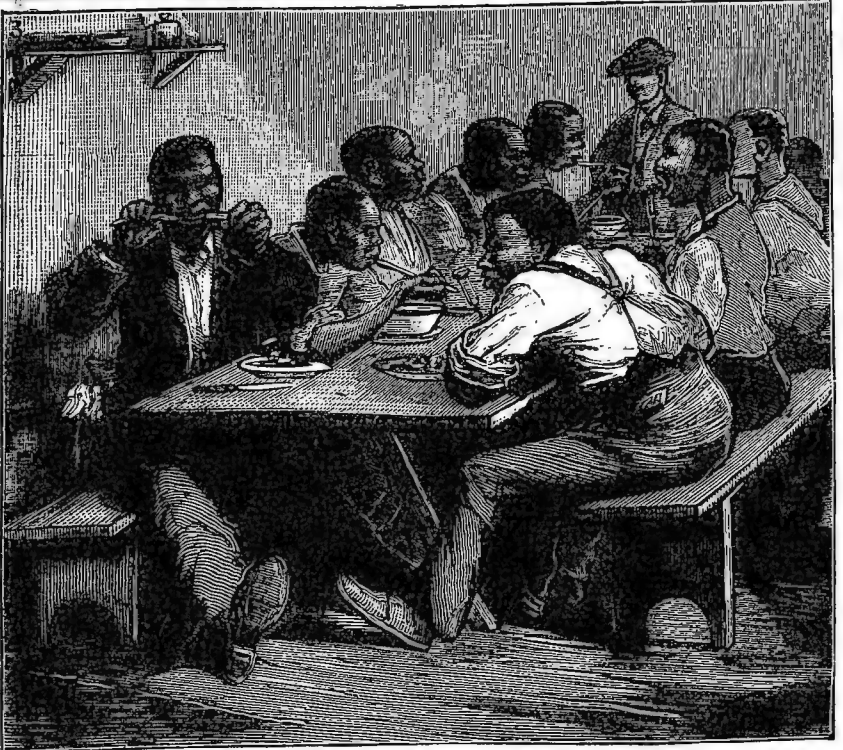
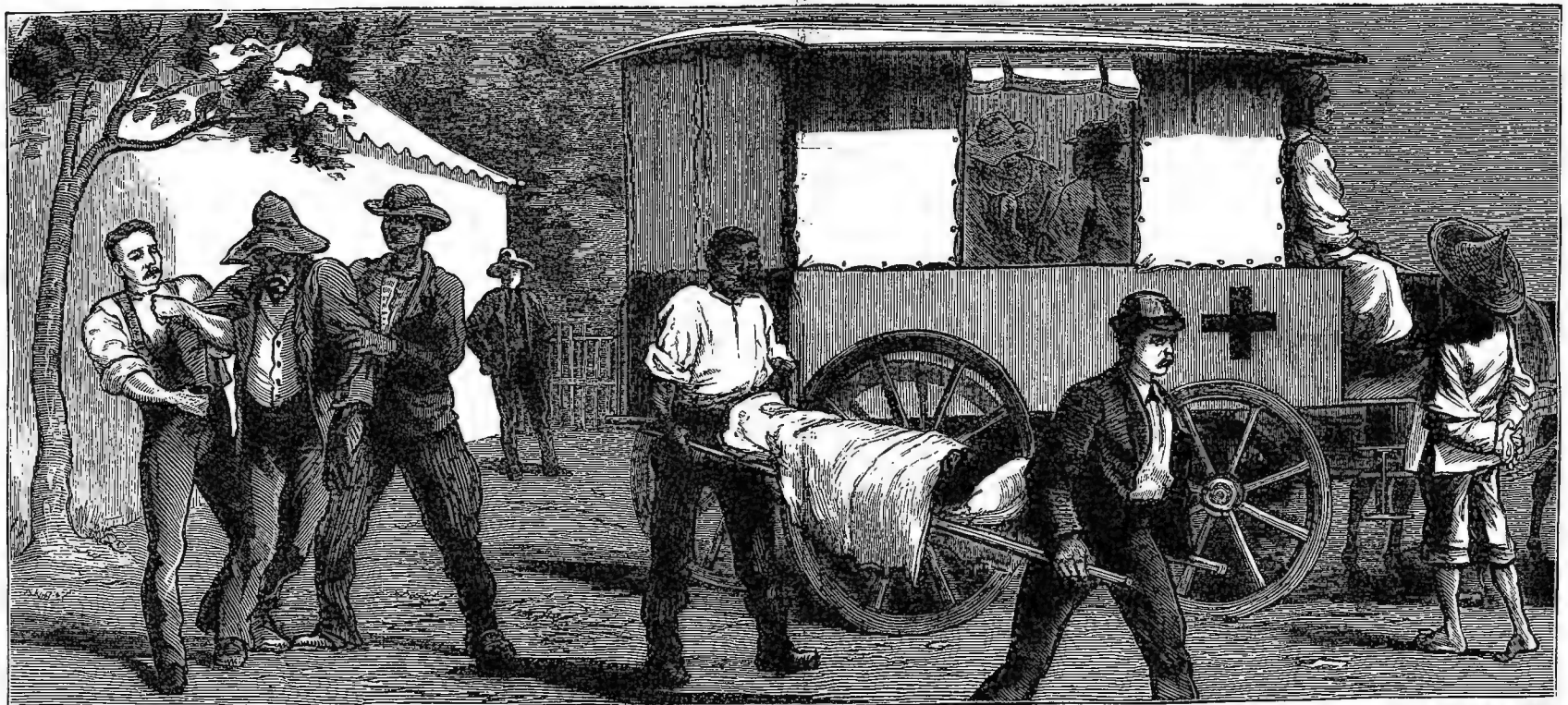
THE FATAL COLLISION AT THE MOUTH OF THE MERSEY BETWEEN THE INMAN MAIL STEAMER "CITY OF BRUSSELS" AND
THE HALL LINE STEAMER "KIRBY HALL"
FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE "KIRBY HALL"



THE FATAL ACCIDENT AT THE VRIOG CUTTING ON THE CAMBRIAN RAILWAY NEAR DOLGELLY, NORTH WALES



THE UNSAFE CONDITION OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL—THE CENTRAL TOWER NOW BEING PULLED DOWN



1. The Ambulance Bringing in Patients from Cape Town.—2. A Runaway.—3. A Convalescent Dinner.

THE RECENT SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC AT CAPE TOWN—SKETCHES AT THE TEMPORARY HOSPITAL AT "RENSKIE'S FARM"

CLOSING OF THE LISTS.—THE HALLIDIE PATENT CABLE TRAMWAYS CORPORATION, LIMITED.—First Issue of 50,000 Shares of £10 each. NOTICE is hereby given that the List of Applications for the Shares of this Corporation will Close on SATURDAY, the 13th inst., for London, and MONDAY, the 15th instant, for Country applications, (By order) H. W. SHAW, Secretary.

THE HALLIDIE PATENT CABLE TRAMWAYS CORPORATION, LIMITED.

FORMED FOR

GRANTING LICENCES ON ROYALTIES, LEASING, WORKING AND CONSTRUCTING TRAMWAYS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, ON HALLIDIE'S PATENT CABLE SYSTEM.

Capital, £1,000,000, in 100,000 Shares of £10 each, Entitled to Dividends out of Net Profits up to 15 per cent. on the amount paid or credited as paid on the Shares, and in addition thereto, to half the Surplus Profits in each year.

First Issue, Fifty Thousand Shares at £10 each.

(PART OF THE ABOVE CAPITAL)

£1 per Share payable on Application.

£2 " " on Allotment.

£2 " " on 1st March, 1883.

Further Calls not to exceed £2 per Share, and not to be made at Intervals of less than three months. Option being reserved to Subscribers to pay up in full on Allotment.

Board of Directors.

GENERAL SIR MICHAEL KENNEDY, R.E., K.C.S.I., formerly Secretary in the Public Works and Railway Department to the Government of Bombay, 66, Princes Square, W., *Chairman*.
SIR JOHN MARCUS STEWART, Bart., D.L., J.P., Chairman of the Steep Grade Tramways Company, Limited (Highgate Hill), 37, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W., *Deputy-Chairman*.
HENRY FARNSBY MILLS, Esq., Deputy-Chairman of the English, Foreign, and Colonial Patent Tramways Company, Limited, 3, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., *Managing Director*.
(Ex-Officio Members of all Committees.)

ALFRED ARNOLD, Esq., J.P., Director of The Halifax and Huddersfield Union Banking Company, Limited, Clare Hall, Halifax.
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JAMES ROCK, Esq., J.P., Vice-Chairman of The Hastings and St. Leonard's Gas Company, Limited, Clare House, Tonbridge.
(Members of the Licensing and Royalties Committee.)

THE HON. JOHN WILLIAM PLUNKETT, 15, Park Square, N.W., and Dunstall Priory, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

RICHARD LOVELAND LOVELAND, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Director of The Royal Farmers' and General Fire and Life Insurance Company, 4, Hare Court, Temple, E.C.
CHARLES KEMP DYER, Esq., J.P., Director of The Banbury and Cheltenham Direct Railway Company, Lloyd's, E.C., and St. Alban's, Herts.
(Members of the Leasing and Working Committee.)

EDWARD HEGLEY BYAS, Esq., Director of The Steep Grade Tramways Company, Limited (Highgate Hill), Belsize Park, N.W.

JOSEPH BROWNE MARTIN, Esq., Director of The Bridgewater Railway Company, Victoria Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.

JOSEPH COLEN WAKEFIELD, Esq., J.P., Chairman of The Vale of Clyde Tramways Company, 18, Broad Street, E.C., London, Manchester, and Glasgow.
(Members of the Construction Committee.)

By the Articles of Association each Director has to subscribe for and hold 100 Shares, representing £1,000 of the Capital of the Company, as his Qualification.

Solicitors.

Messrs. FOWLER, CHRISTIE, & CO., Victoria Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

Standing Counsel.

THEODORE ASTON, Esq., Q.C., 11, New Square, W.C.
EDMUND MACRORY, Esq., 7, Fig Tree Court, E.C.

Engineer-in-Chief.

JAMES CLEMINSON, Esq., Mem. Inst. C.E., and Mem. Inst. M.E., 7, Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, S.W.

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Auditors.

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HENRY BALL, Esq., 149, Palmerston Buildings, E.C.

Secretary.

HENRY WILLIAM SHAW, Esq.

Offices.

VICTORIA MANSIONS, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

PROSPECTUS.

THE HALLIDIE PATENT CABLE TRAMWAYS CORPORATION, LIMITED, is formed to introduce into this country the highly successful Cable Tramway System patented by Mr. ANDREW SMITH HALLIDIE, of San Francisco, which, in the opinion of the Directors, is calculated to effect as great an improvement in the mode of propelling Tramway Cars, as the introduction of Railways effected over the ordinary horse conveyances then in use.

The Company has acquired the whole of the Patents taken out by Mr. HALLIDIE for the United Kingdom, with right to all his improvements thereon. The great success that has been attained by every Tramway that has adopted the Cable System can hardly fail to induce its general application in England, and to entirely do away with the costly mode of propelling Tramway Cars by horses.

Unlike most inventions, whether for economising labour or cost of production, which usually have to be worked for a lengthened period after acquisition by a Company before they can be pronounced successful, the success of the Cable system has been proved by several years' actual working on a large and commercial scale in San Francisco with the following unusually profitable results, as vouched by Mr. HALLIDIE, President of the Clay Street Hill Line

CALIFORNIA STREET LINE, SAN FRANCISCO.
EARNING ABOUT 30 PER CENT. ON CAPITAL. Amount paid up per share £10. Price quoted £22.

SUTTER STREET LINE, SAN FRANCISCO.
EARNING NEARLY 30 PER CENT. ON CAPITAL. £4 16s. paid up per share. Selling at £17.

GEARY STREET LINE, SAN FRANCISCO.
EARNING ABOUT 30 PER CENT. Paid up per share £7 10s. Selling at £19.

CLAY STREET HILL LINE, SAN FRANCISCO.
EARN 20 PER CENT. ON CAPITAL INVESTED. Further extensions about to be made.

CHICAGO CITY TRAMWAY CO., CHICAGO.
Although only a small portion of the line has been changed from Horse to Cable Traction, THE SHARES HAVE ALREADY RISEN OVER 25 PER CENT. IN VALUE.

The system is also at work in Dunedin, New Zealand, on a very steep line, and Mr. HALLIDIE states he is negotiating for its adoption in the cities of Philadelphia, Providence, New York, Cincinnati, Boston, and other places, and he expects that within the next few years almost every city of importance in the United States will have their Tramways worked upon the Cable System.

Its introduction, therefore, into England, and the success anticipated for it mechanically and financially, may be said to be assured by that obtained in the places and countries where it is in operation; in support of this view reference is made to the report which, with others, appears in the Appendix of Mr. WM. BOOTH SCOTT, M. Inst. C.E. (who for the last twenty-seven years has held the important position of Chief Surveyor to the Vestry of St. Pancras), who has taken much interest in the question of Tramways, and who in August last visited Chicago specially to examine the working of the Cable Tramways in that City.

The business to be undertaken by THE HALLIDIE PATENT CABLE TRAMWAYS CORPORATION, LIMITED, is fourfold:—

1st. The granting of licenses for the use of the Patents acquired by this Company on payment of Royalties by the Companies using the System, either by a fixed sum per mile, or a percentage on the savings effected in the working expenses, a division of the receipts after a minimum payment to the Shareholders, or otherwise.

2nd. The construction of the Lines so licensed where the Companies desire this Company to undertake such construction.

3rd. The working of Tramways at a percentage of the gross receipts.

4th. The leasing of Lines owned by Companies or Corporations on guaranteed fixed dividends or otherwise.

From each of these sources a very substantial return on the Capital of this Company is anticipated, but combined, as from the nature of the business they must necessarily be, the Directors venture to think the Dividends to investors will not be exceeded by those of the most successful Industrial Companies.

The first Company that has entered into arrangements for using the system in England is the Steep Grade (Highgate Hill) Tramways Company, Limited, the benefit of which contract is acquired by this Corporation. It had, as is generally the case in England, when anything new is introduced, to give the fullest possible explanations and evidence of the thoroughly practical character of the Cable System before the assents of the Local and Metropolitan Authorities for the construction of the Tramway could be obtained, and similar explanations had subsequently to be made to the Board of Trade, whose experienced officials also quickly perceived the great advantages of the system over the existing method of tram car traction.

The Board of Trade therefore gave their sanction to the application to Parliament in the last session for authority to construct the first line of Cable Tramways commencing near the North Metropolitan Railway terminus in the Holloway Road, up Highgate East Hill to Southwood Lane, and Parliament duly confirmed the Order, and the Company state they expect the Line will be opened for traffic about April next.

The Steep Grade Company when issuing their Share Capital, had necessarily to give an extended publicity to the merits of the Cable System, and the result was that the Capital was very much more than applied for, and a great number of applications had to be refused, and the deposits returned, thus giving evidence of the readiness with which the public are prepared to welcome this system.

Already, in addition to the License granted to the Steep Grade Tramways Company, Limited, for their Lines, negotiations with a variety of Companies desirous of adopting the system are proceeding, and when the great merits of the Cable system are stated, it will not excite surprise that Tramway Companies should desire to avail themselves of the advantages it affords; amongst others may be mentioned:—THE BIRKDALE AND SOUTHPORT TRAMWAYS COMPANY, for licensing, converting their present, and constructing the remainder of their authorised Lines.

THE HALIFAX AND DISTRICT TRAMWAYS COMPANY, for licensing their Lines, to make which application is being made this session of Parliament, with the sanction of the Corporation of Halifax.

THE CORPORATION OF HUDDERSFIELD are also in communication with the Directors, with a view to negotiations for the conversion to the HALLIDIE System, and leasing of the Tramways constructed and owned by them.

THE LEA BRIDGE, LEYTON, and WALTHAMSTOW TRAMWAYS COMPANY, for licensing, converting, and working their system.

THE GREENWICH AND MILLWALL SUBWAY COMPANY, for licensing the use of the system on the line of tramway to be laid in the Subway.

THE SPEN VALLEY, DEVONSBURY, and DISTRICT TRAMWAYS COMPANY, for licensing the lines they are applying for in the present Session of Parliament.

And several others, including Tramway Companies in Scotland.

The following is a brief summary of the various advantages of the Cable system, which are further referred to in the Appendix, and to which particular attention is invited.

They are:—

First.—The very great saving in the cost of working as compared with the horse system; this is illustrated by the fact that the average cost for working the three leading Metropolitan Lines is over 70 per cent. of the gross receipts, whereas the cost of working by the Cable system is estimated not to exceed 38 per cent., being a saving of 50 per cent. of the present Working Expenses.

The saving by the Cable System on these Metropolitan Lines is therefore estimated at £38 for every £100 gross receipts.

As a practical illustration of the above statement, the gross receipts for 12 months, ending June, 1882, of the three following lines, is given as extracted from their Balance Sheets, viz.:—

The North Metropolitan Tramway	£297,422
The London Tramway	213,194
The London Street Tramway	69,393
Total gross receipts	£579,009

On the estimated basis of working on the HALLIDIE System, a saving of 38 per cent. on the above receipts would have resulted, had the above Lines been worked by that System, and they would thus have yielded £220,023 EXTRA PROFIT, which after allowing for interest on the Capital necessary for the conversion of these Lines, and the payment of Royalties to this Corporation, would have left a sum sufficient to have DOUBLED THE DIVIDENDS DECLARED, as will be seen by the Tables set out in pages 14 and 15 of the Appendix.

The average working charges of Provincial Lines may be taken at 80 per cent., whilst by the Cable System they are estimated to average not more than 45 per cent. of the gross receipts.

The saving by the Cable System therefore on Provincial Lines is estimated at over 35 per cent. of the gross receipts.

The fact that instead of the usual grooved rails being employed—which is the principal cause of objection to tramways from a small section of the community—a flat rail or steel band can, by the Cable System, be used and laid flush and level with the roadway, thus all cause of danger from the jolting or skidding of vehicles disappears. This advantage is very important. Thirdly:—

The System has the great advantage of being worked

with the same facility on level roads as on the steepest gradients. Many places, both in London and the country, which are now inaccessible to tramways, by reason of the heights, may by the Cable System be served, and thus supply a want greatly felt in those places.

The facility for dealing with the extra traffic which on certain days and certain hours in every day of the year, the present Tramway Companies are unable to carry from the necessarily fixed amount of horse power they can furnish, whereas by the Cable System any number of carriages can at once be brought upon the Line, as occasion and emergencies may require, the only extra cost being the wages of the two men employed to collect the money and control the cars.

All the traffic, therefore, thus taken, except this small charge, will be extra profit, whilst by the horse system to be enabled to provide for extra traffic a large number of horses would have to be kept all the year round, in addition to the number of men necessary for their care, which obviously would not be financially practicable; the amount of extra traffic that would thus be obtained will, it is estimated, form a substantial addition to the existing receipts. Fifthly:—

The prevention of wear and tear of the roads now occasioned by the horses used for dragging the cars, and the saving thereby of a great part of the cost of maintenance which now falls so heavily on Tramway Companies.

The reduction of filth in the roadways by the withdrawal of the large number of horses now employed for tramway purposes (which, on the three Metropolitan Tramways referred to above are over 4,600), will commend the system to both the Parochial Authorities and the public generally.

The freedom from noise, as the cars worked by the Cable System glide along with a most pleasant motion noiselessly. Lastly:—

From a humanitarian point of view, the doing away with cruelty to horses, unavoidable in the drawing of the vast weights of tram cars with their loads, which entails well-known suffering and great mortality among the horses.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on this point has taken a very great deal of interest in the movement for the withdrawal from the public roads of horses used in working of Tramways, and attention is directed to the letter from the Society set out in the Appendix.

The terms arranged for the purchase of the whole of the Patents for the United Kingdom taken out by Mr. HALLIDIE, with the right to all improvements that have been or may be hereafter perfected by him or on his behalf (for several of which patents have been applied for), and the benefit of the Contract dated 22nd April, 1882, made between A. S. HALLIDIE and THE STEEP GRADE (HIGHGATE HILL) TRAMWAYS AND WORKS COMPANY, LIMITED, have been fixed by THE ENGLISH, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL PATENT CABLE TRAMWAY COMPANY, LIMITED (who are the promoters of this Company, and who own all the English and most of the Foreign and Colonial Patents taken out by Mr. HALLIDIE), at £70,000 payable by instalments, 7,000 Shares in the Company issued as fully paid up, and one-third of the surplus profits in each year in which the Company has earned a profit over 15 per cent. on the ordinary Share Capital paid up and credited as paid up; the remaining two-thirds of the surplus profits being applied, 20 per cent. thereof for a Reserve Fund, 5 per cent. for Directors' extra remuneration, and the remaining 75 per cent. thereof (being half the total

surplus profits) for extra Dividend or Bonus on the Share Capital of the Company, payable on the amount paid up or credited as paid up thereon.

Having regard to the great importance of the Patents, and the extensive field open to their application, the Directors consider the terms of purchase very moderate. The last Parliamentary return of 12th December, 1882, shows that over 257 million passengers were carried in the United Kingdom for twelve months ending June last, and the gross receipts were nearly 240 Millions Sterling. Large as these results are, it is believed they would be greatly increased by the adoption of the Hallidie System.

The Directors having given in this prospectus and in the appendix all facts necessary to guide investors and enable them to form a judgment as to the desirability of the Shares of the Company as an investment, only desire to add that considering the large field of business available for the Company's operations—which is not surprising when it is known that the lines in San Francisco on the Cable System are earning, on their cost, 20 and 30 per cent. dividends, and the Shares command high premiums—the Directors do not believe they can be considered exaggerating when they state their opinion that the prospects of the Corporation justify them in anticipating an amount of success, both as to rate of dividends to be earned, and to the quotation the Company's Shares are likely to attain as the business of the Corporation develops.

With reference to the allotment of the Shares, to obviate the inconvenience and disappointment experienced by many people who at the time of the issue of the Shares of the Company were unable to obtain their Share Capital, were unable to obtain an allotment, the Directors wish to state that they purpose, far as circumstances will allow, to all the Shares follows, viz.:—

7,000 Shares to the Vendors as part payment of the Purchase money.
5,000 Shares among applications from Directors and their friends.
5,000 Shares among applicants who are Shareholders in the Steep Grade (Highgate Hill) Tramways Company, Limited, being the first Company in England in whom a License has been granted for working the Cable System.
4,000 Shares among applicants who failed to obtain an allotment of Shares in the Steep Grade (Highgate Hill) Tramways Company, and whose deposits had to be returned, and whose deposit on the first allotment of the Shares of the Company to be formed by acquiring HALLIDIE'S Patents, should have special consideration.
20,000 Shares among applicants who are Shareholders in any of the existing Tramway Companies, they being entitled to special consideration as interested in Companies likely to be future Licensees of this Company.
9,000 Shares among applicants from the General Public.
Total 50,000 Shares.

Should any applicant not receive an allotment, his deposit will be returned without deduction.

The Following Contracts have been entered into, viz., 18th December, 1882, between THE ENGLISH, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL PATENT CABLE TRAMWAY COMPANY, LIMITED, and HENRY WILLIAM SHAW on behalf of this Company, and 29th December, 1882, between THE ENGLISH, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL PATENT CABLE TRAMWAY COMPANY, LIMITED, HENRY WILLIAM SHAW, and THE HALLIDIE PATENT CABLE TRAMWAYS CORPORATION, LIMITED.

The Patents acquired by the Company are:—

No. 1,204, dated 2nd April, 1875,

No. 4,666, dated 15th November, 1879,

No. 5,107, dated 13th December, 1879,

All taken out by

Mr. ANDREW SMITH HALLIDIE.

And all improvements, for several of which Patents have already been applied for.

Copies of the Contracts and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, Patents, and Models can be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

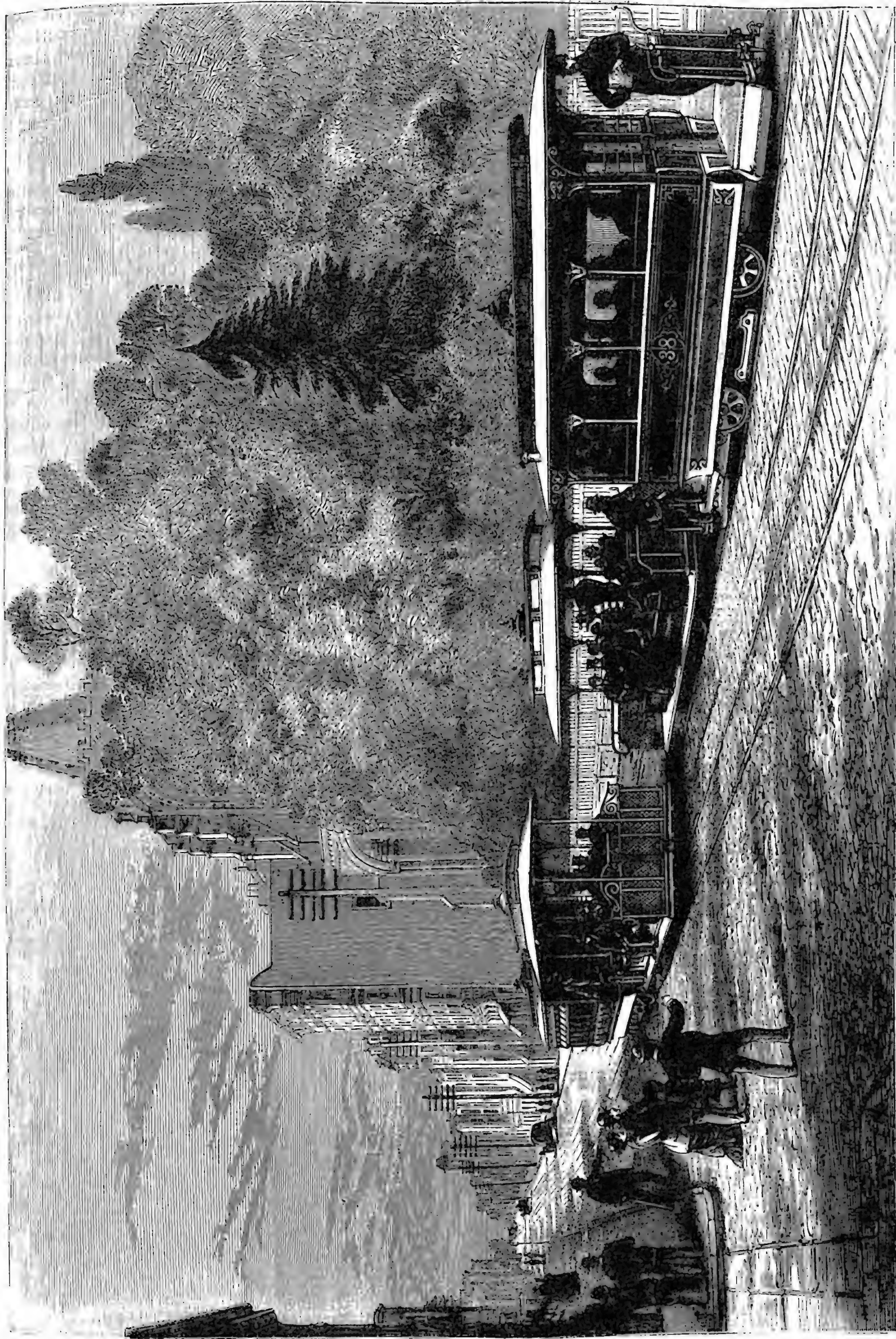
Application is intended to be made in due course to the Stock Exchange for a quotation of the Company's Shares.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares, with Lithograph and Appendix, can be obtained at the Bankers, Solicitors, or Brokers, or from the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company, from whom full information on all points can be obtained.

VICTORIA MANSIONS, VICTORIA STREET,
WESTMINSTER, S.W., 3rd January, 1883.

By Order of the Board of Directors,

M. KENNEDY, *Chairman*.
J. M. STEWART, *Deputy-Chairman*.
H. W. SHAW, *Secretary*.



HALLIDIE'S PATENT CABLE TRAMWAY SYSTEM, WORKED WITHOUT HORSES OR LOCOMOTIVES

THE above Engraving illustrates the new system of working Tramways which is intended to be introduced into the United Kingdom by the Hallidie Patent Cable Tramways Corporation, Limited.

BY it horses and locomotives are done away with, the carriages being propelled by an endless wire rope placed under ground, and worked from a

stationary steam engine from either end of the line. The advantages claimed for the system are that it is perfectly noiseless, very cleanly in consequence of the horses being dispensed with, and the cruel process of dragging cars by horses is removed.

A PART from these it is, judged by the results in San Francisco on the lines there working during the last

six years, very remunerative, dividends ranging as high as 30 per cent. having, it is stated, been paid by Companies using the system.

ANOTHER great advantage of the system is this: every one knows the great nuisance to private carriages from "skidding" by coming in contact with the grooved rail which the Horse system requires; by the Cable system

it is intended to put down flat rails or bands of steel only just wide enough to clear a smooth road for the cars flush with the pavement; there will be nothing therefore to impede in any way the free use of the road by other conveyances.

THIS of itself, if carried out, ought alone to make the system popular, and we may almost say indispensable.

JOLANTHE; or, the Peer and the Peri.
MESSRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S NEW OPERA.
Now being performed at the Savoy Theatre with unprecedented success.
VOCAL SCORE, 5s. d.
PIANOFORTE SOLO (Arranged by Berthold Tours).
The Book of the Words, 1s. 3d.
CHARLES D'ALBERT.
QUADRILLE.
LANCERS.
WALTZ.
POLKA.

"None Shall Part Us." Duet.
The Lord Chancellor's Song, "A Very Susceptible Chancellor."
"Said I to Myself, said I."
"Spurn Not the Noddy Born."
"The Sentry's Song."
"When Britain Really Ruled the Waves."
"In Vain to Us You Plead—Duet."
"Oh, foolish Fay" ("Oh, Captain Shaw").

WINTERBOTTOM'S SELECTION, as played by all the Military Bands, arranged for the Pianoforte.
KUHNS FANTASIA.
BOYTON SMITH'S FANTASIA.
BERTHOLD TOURS' MARCH OF THE PEERS.
BERTHOLD TOURS' MARCH IN FINALE.
SMALLWOOD'S EASY FANTASIA.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.

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Contains the NEAREST AND DEAREST WALTZ, by CHARLES D'ALBERT, and NINE other favourite Dances by Popular Composers.
Price 1s.; postage free, 1s. 2d.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street, W., and 15, Poultry, E.C.

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Contains SIX Favourite Waltzes, Quadrilles, Lancers, &c., by Popular Composers, Arranged as Duets.
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RIP VAN WINKLE.
A New Romantic Comic Opera.
English Version by H. B. FARNIE.
Music by ROBERT L. QUETTE.
(Composer of "Les Cloches de Corneville.")
Now being Performed with Enormous Success at the Comedy Theatre.

VOCAL SCORE, 5s. Nett.
PIANOFORTE SOLO, 3s. Nett.
DANCE MUSIC BY CHARLES D'ALBERT.
GRETTEN WALTZ.
RHINEFAY WALTZ, RIP VAN WINKLE, QUADRILLE, LANCERS, POLKA, and GALOP.
SELECTION OF FAVOURITE AIRS.
Arranged by A. VAN BIENE.
TRANSCRIPTION OF FAVOURITE AIRS.
By EDUARD DORN.
THE LETTER SONG ("True Love from over the Sea"). Sung by Miss Violet Cameron.
TWILIGHT SHADOWS. Sung by Miss Violet Cameron.
All the above sent postage free for half price.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street, W., and 15, Poultry, E.C.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S NEW SONGS.
Hymn to God the Father. Alfred Piatti.
(Sung with the greatest success by Mr. Santley).
Ye Cupids Droop Each Little Head.
(Sung by Miss Santley at the Popular Concerts).
Semper Fideles.
(Sung by Miss Santley).
Green Leaf and Blossom. Mrs. Moncrieff.
The Old Church Door. Mrs. Moncrieff.
Forget Not Yet. Hastings Crossley.
Gates of the West. Caroline Lowthian.
(Sung by Miss Helen D'Alton and Madame Osborne Williams).
Thine Alone. A. H. Behrend.
My Fairest Child. A. H. Behrend.
AEI (Evermore). A. H. Behrend.
(Sung by Mr. F. King).
Price 2s. each net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES.
CHAPPELL and CO. have on view Every description of PIANOFORTES by the best makers, returned from hire, to be sold at greatly reduced prices for Cash; or may be purchased on the "Three Years' System."

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COLLARD PIANOFORTES from 35 Guineas.
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PIPE AND REED COMBINATION ORGANS.
With one manual, from 66 guineas.
With two manuals and pedals, from 120 guineas.
Hydraulic Motors for blowing, from 8 guineas.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S ORGANS. Have been pronounced by the most eminent musicians in England to be superior to all others in pipe-like quality of tone.
CLOUGH and WARREN'S AMERICAN ORGANS. A combination of pipes and reeds which do not go out of tune by the most severe changes of temperature. Easy of manipulation, handsome in design and of great durability.
From 18 to 225 guineas.

Second-hand from 12 guineas.
Testimonials and Descriptive Lists free by post.

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CHAPPELL and Co.'s PIANINOS, from 20 guineas.

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CHAPPELL and CO.'S EARLY ENGLISH PIANOFORTES, artistically designed Ebonyed Cases, from 45 guineas.

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CLOUGH and WARREN'S CENTENNIAL GRAND ORGAN, 15 Stops, 9 Sets of Reeds and Combination Tubes, 85 Guineas.

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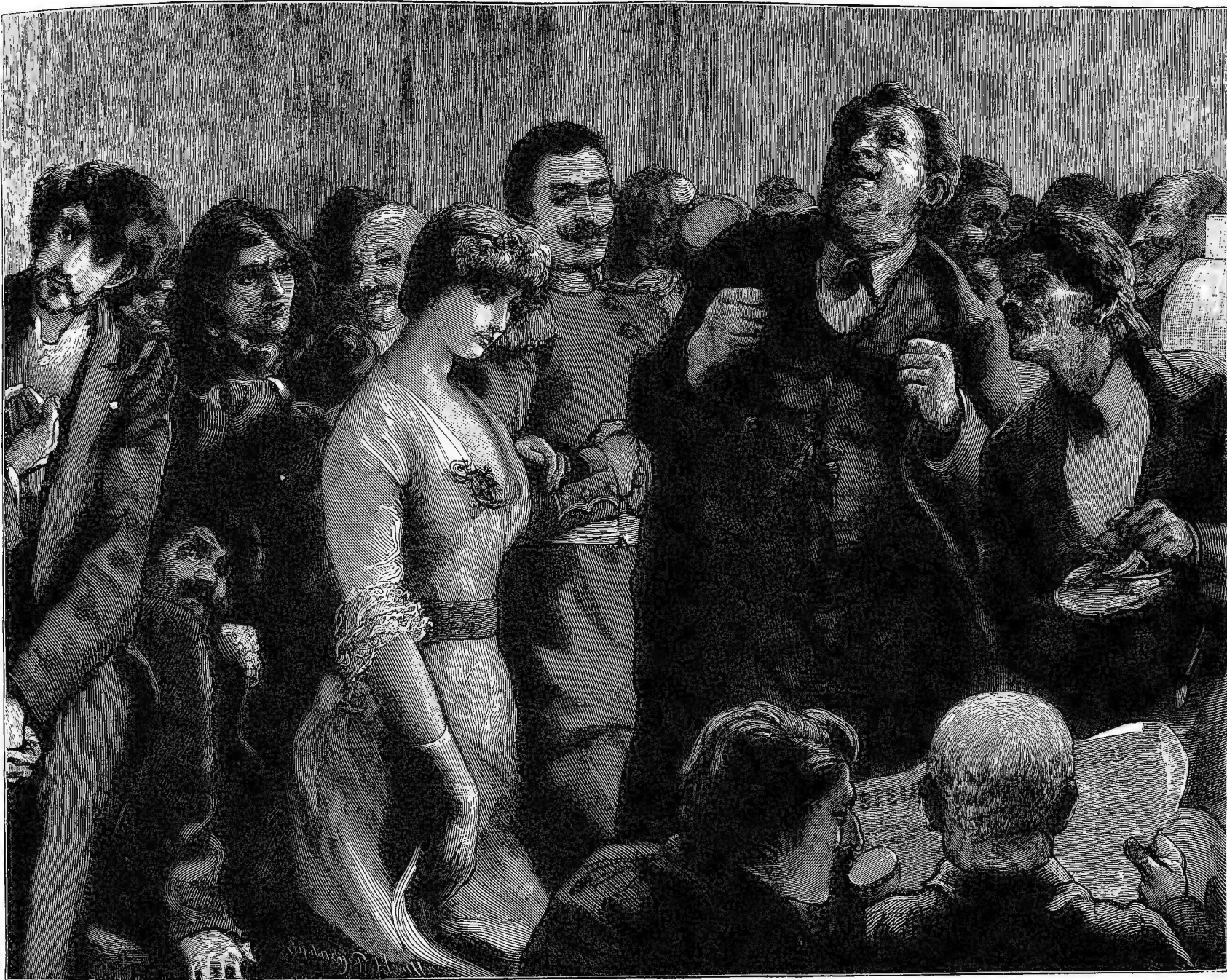
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By an instinctive movement Masi pressed closer to Violet to draw her out of the way.

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AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AMONG ALIENS," &c., &c.

"We twain have met like ships upon the sea."

CHAPTER III.

MISS BAINES looked as strange and scared as though she had been dropped from another planet into the Guarinis' drawing-room. To many persons far bolder and more self-confident than she, it is depressing to hear only an unknown foreign language talked around them. On timid Betsy Baines it had the effect of a nightmare. She felt oppressed, cut off, as it were, from her fellow-creatures: practically deaf and dumb, or reduced to the condition of a lower animal. And in fact she glanced at the faces of these fluent foreigners with a sort of dog-like wistfulness. Violet, though shy also, was interested, and a little excited. She understood a good deal of what was being said, as she caught a phrase here and there. And the nervousness, which only increased her aunt's awkward stiffness of demeanour, was rather embarrassing to Violet. It heightened her colour, and brightened her eyes. Her pure complexion asserted itself victoriously against the trying juxtaposition of a white gown slightly open at the throat. And the sleeves, which reached only to the elbow, revealed round young arms of a creamy fairness. The men in the outer room asked each other in whispers, or in dumb show, who these strangers might be. And Telemaco Bini paused in the act of demolishing the last cake on the dish to gaze with gloomy admiration on the blonde "Meess" as she passed him.

In a few minutes the Signora Nina came hurrying into the drawing-room with both hands extended. "Dear Miss Baines, how kind! Violetta carissima, what a pleasure to see you!" The little lady had advanced, intending to kiss Miss Baines on both cheeks; but with her accustomed quickness of eye she detected a shy shrinking movement on the part of her guest, and changed the greeting into a cordial shake of the hand.

"I'm afraid we are too early, Madame Guarini," said Miss Baines. "Not at all! We had been chatting a little too long over our coffee after dinner. I ought to have been here to receive you. Peppino will come in a moment. He was in a deep discussion with Jules Bonnet, who is a very dear old friend of mine. Of course you know all about Jules Bonnet." Then seeing in Miss Baines's countenance that she had never heard the name in her life before, Nina added quickly, "But I am not going to let you be bored with politics. Tell me what you have been doing since we met at Geneva. Have you been seeing Rome—the galleries, the statues?

Foreigners always know more about these things than we do who live here."

Miss Baines answered in little murmured "Yes's" and "No's"; all the while taking accurate note of Madame Guarini's toilet: a black velvet dress, which, as Miss Baines said to herself, "fitted like her skin," with a little *fichu* of yellow old lace "worth five guineas a yard." The Signora on her part was making mental comments of a disparaging nature on Miss Baines's attire. "A lilac silk gown trimmed apparently by the coachmaker, and that cap with cabbage roses on the top of her grey hair! Why does she wear roses? And why will Englishwomen put on those hideous caps which have no relation to the shape of their heads? And how do they make them stick on at that impossible angle? Are they, perhaps, nailed through to the skull?"

Violet's appearance was approved of. "Gown badly cut, but she has a fine natural figure which no dressmaker can quite spoil. And very few skins could stand that dead white." Such was the Signora Nina's verdict.

It was rather difficult to dispose of Miss Baines. She could speak no language but her own, and was chary of speaking of being with strangers. And Nina could not remain by her side and talk to her the whole evening. At length she caught sight of old Giorgi, immersed in a newspaper. Giorgi had been a *carbonaro* in his time; had been lamed by a Bourbon bullet and escaped from a Bourbon prison; had fled from Naples, and had got his living as a teacher of languages in London for twenty years. Giorgi was ordered up to converse with Miss Baines, who, alarmed by his fierce eyebrows and snuffy moustache, faintly begged that the gentleman might not be disturbed on her account.

Then Nina looked round on her assembled forces, and considered within herself whom she should select for the privilege of being presented to Violet. Telemaco Bini looked vainly for a sign. He was passed over without mercy. So with several others. The rooms were beginning to fill up. Gino Peretti bustled in, bringing with him a strong odour of tobacco, and talking and laughing loudly. Presently Dr. Angeloni was seen dipping his aquiline profile into a large cup of tea, side by side with the broad, yellow, smooth shaven face and cropped grey hair of Jules Bonnet. They had both issued forth from the study in company with their host. Four or five Deputies, who had been dining together after the after-

noon sitting of the Chamber, entered in a group. Still Nina hesitated. She delivered up Violet into the temporary charge of her husband, and made a tour of inspection. At length her bright eyes rested on Ciccio Nasoni just as he entered the tea-room. That renegade scion of a noble house, contrary to his usual custom, was in full evening dress, carried an opera hat in his hand, and his rather blank pale face and lack-lustre blue eyes looked over a wide expanse of spotless shirt and white cravat.

"Good evening, Don Ciccio," said the mistress of the house, resigning her delicate jewelled hand to be bowed over. "Where have you been?"

"Nowhere."

"Then where are you going?"

"To the Carlovings'. I can't get out of it."

"I wonder they will condescend to receive you! What is that ribbon sticking out of your waistcoat pocket?"

"Eh? Oh! that's my Order of St. Boniface. I shall have to put it on at the Carlovings'. My grandmother is to be there."

"Ah! And meanwhile you hide it! Well, hide it a little better. Don't let Angeloni catch sight of it. I saw the Princess to-day on the Pincian."

"My grandmother?"

"Yes. She looked very much fagged. No doubt you worry her to death with your backslidings. Now come here. I am going to present you to a pretty young lady."

"I must be off by eleven, Signora Nina!" returned the young man.

"And it now wants a quarter. Never fear, the young lady will be tired of you long before eleven. Mademoiselle Moore, will you allow me to present to you the Duke of Pontalto?"

Violet bowed, blushed, smiled, and showed her bewitching dimple. The bow was for Don Francesco, but the blush and the smile were for Captain Masi, who appeared at that moment in the doorway. As for Miss Baines, who had caught the words "Duke of Pontalto," she was overcome by surprise and joy. The Continental nobility might not be quite so good as ours, but a Duke was a Duke. Little had she, Elizabeth Baines, expected ever to meet a Duke on equal terms! She felt a shock, as of one who has escaped a danger, when she reflected that she had very nearly allowed Mrs. Lucas to deprive her of this distinction. Giorgi began to think this wooden-

faced old lady a more intelligent woman than he had at first supposed; for she assumed an appearance of rapt attention whilst he expounded to her the fundamental absurdities and disadvantages of a hereditary legislative assembly; and how impossible it would be for the Continental nations to submit to such a yoke as that of the British aristocracy. "You see I do know how it is in England. A Lord is everything with you. You prostrate yourselves. It is a nonsense."

"Quite so, I'm sure," murmured Miss Baines, politely. She had just finished composing the phrase in which to announce in her next letter to Mrs. Lucas that she had met the Duke of Pontalto "in society."

Ciccio Nasoni spoke English fairly well, having had an English Jesuit priest for his tutor, and he had met with a few English Catholics in his grandmother's house. But the main tide of British tourists naturally streamed past the old Princess Nasoni's door, and never overflowed the threshold. He had not experience enough to judge of Miss Moore's social status by her manners and her accent. That the former were gentle, and the latter correct, seemed to him to argue that she must belong to the upper classes! Don Ciccio had never been in England.

Violet's father had been a country surgeon, and her mother a tradesman's daughter. The latter had died when Violet was still a baby; and the girl's ideas about her mother were derived only from her father's loving talk, and from a photograph representing a pretty young woman in a large crinoline. When Mr. Moore died his orphan daughter went to live entirely under the care of her Aunt Betsy in Dozbury; paying occasional visits to a certain great uncle, Joshua Higgins, who was the rich man of the family, and a seedsman and corndaler in a large way of business. Violet knew none of her father's kindred, but she had a vague idea that the Moores looked down on the Baineses; and a very distinct idea that whereas the Baineses had been kind to her father and herself, the Moores had never done anything for them whatever.

As commonly happens, the girl had received a better education than her relatives of the preceding generation. She and her aunt had now been travelling on the Continent for more than a year. Miss Baines had suffered from an obstinate bronchitis, for which her doctor, not knowing what else to do with her, had prescribed travel and change of air. At first her projects had not ranged beyond Devonshire or the Isle of Wight. But spurred on by Violet, who longed to travel, she had ventured to cross the Channel. Their first stage, after a few days in Paris, was Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva, where the winter was passed. Thence by degrees they had pushed on southward, until at length, almost to her own surprise, Miss Betsy Baines found herself in Rome. Her health had certainly improved since leaving England, and she made much of this point in her letters home. But at the same time she always remarked that she must still remain abroad a little longer, and that to return to England before the mild weather was fully established would be to risk having her bronchitis all over again. In fact, however, Miss Baines would willingly have gone home even in the heart of the winter, but she yielded to Violet's wish to protract their stay abroad; and no excuse save illness would have availed with Uncle Joshua. He had never cordially approved these foreign travels, often observing that he had never crossed the Channel in his life, and yet look at him! There he was, turned seventy, and hadn't passed a day in bed from illness for better than forty years. It was desirable to conciliate Uncle Joshua, and so Miss Baines made much of her weak health and delicate throat, it being tacitly understood that Uncle Joshua would the more easily forgive his niece for visiting Italy if he could be convinced that she was not much able to enjoy it.

Of all these humble details the Duke of Pontalto had not the slightest suspicion. But, in talking with the English "Meess," he soon discovered that she knew nobody in his world.

"Do you go to the Quirinal?" he inquired.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Violet, with emphatic humility, anxious to disclaim any false pretences. He mistook her humility for another feeling.

"Oh! you don't go to the Quirinal? Then I suppose you belong to our side?"

"I don't know which your side is," answered Violet, innocently.

He looked at her for a moment, doubtful whether a sarcasm were intended. Then he said: "Oh! I have my own ideas. But, of course, my family are Black."

Violet understood enough of Roman phraseology to know that this meant that the house of Nasoni adhered to the cause of the Pope. So she bent her head, and said: "Oh, yes; I see."

"But," continued Don Ciccio, "I presume, by-the-by, that you would not be here if you were one of ours—of theirs. The Guarinis are quite Red. I suppose you know?"

"I know what you mean."

"You're not Red?"

"I have no colour at all," answered Violet, unable to help laughing.

Don Ciccio remained as grave as a judge. "Many English ladies take interest in politics," said he. "Even young ladies. Did you know Lady Mary Fitzpotter?"

"No, I did not know Lady Mary Fitzpotter."

"She was quite a *femme politique*. Does not your mamma take interest in politics?" with a glance at Miss Baines, who was apparently absorbed in listening to Giorgi's theories about universal suffrage.

"That lady is my aunt. I don't think she knows much about politics; and we are not people of sufficient consequence to set up for belonging to any party."

Don Ciccio regarded her with his melancholy stare. "I don't object to women taking interest in politics," said he, with grave condescension.

"Don't you?"

"No. I hold advanced opinions. I'm a *progressista*. I mean to be a Deputy:—what you call a Member of Parliament. I shall sit on the Extreme Left."

"Oh, shall you?" said Violet rather absently. Her attention was straying to a distant part of the room, where their hostess was holding an animated conversation with Captain Masi. Don Ciccio languidly followed the direction of her glance. "Isn't Madame Guarini fascinating?" said Violet quickly.

"She has a great deal of *esprit*. How long have you known her?"

"Since last summer."

"Where did you meet her?"

"At Geneva, in the hotel. My aunt was ill, and she was very kind. Isn't she beautiful?"

The young man slowly turned his pale blue eyes on Violet before replying, as though to ascertain whether the question were put in good faith. Then he said with his usual deliberate drawl, "No; not beautiful. Too thin and too short. She is a great friend of mine. She is a very clever woman. She understands what you say to her on almost any subject."

At the same moment the subject of this flattering eulogy looked across the room at them and held up a warning forefinger.

"The Signora Nina is reminding me that I have to go," said the Duke of Pontalto, but without stirring from his seat. "I must go directly."

"Yes," said Violet, who took the announcement with composure.

"Yes. I ought to be in the Palazzo Carlovingsi at this moment. Do you ever go to the Carlovingsi?"

"Oh, no! I don't know them at all. We know very few people."

Nina now came up to them with Mario Masi. "Come, Don Ciccio," said she with her little resolute air, "I sympathise with your reluctance, but you must tear yourself away."

Don Ciccio rose silently, and made Violet a solemn bow.

"You're late, my friend, already," observed Nina, "and it's a great pity that the Princess won't know what a good excuse you had."

Don Ciccio made another solemn bow, and departed without a word.

Nina, as she watched him stalk slowly out of the room, said to Masi in a low voice, "I want him to be at the Carlovingsi's to-night, for Peretti has just come in with the news that the Count de Chambord is here *incognito*, and that this *soirée* is a kind of 'Right Divine' party in his honour. I don't believe a word of it. Peretti always has some *cog à l'âne*. But he will for ever persist that he was right unless we had some eye-witness to bring against him." Then to Violet with her sweetest smile, "I have robbed you of your cavalier, *Violetta bella*, and am bound to provide a substitute if you will accept him. Masi, take Miss Moore to get some tea."

Violet, with downcast eyes and heightened colour, placed her gloved hand on the sleeve of Captain Masi's dark blue uniform, and they made their way together to the outer room, which by this time was very full.

There was a continuous and confused sound of voices, with occasional unaccountable *crescendos*, such as you may hear in listening to a waterfall. Groups of men were talking together;—some with rapid eager movements of the hands, often repeating the same gesture over and over again; others with an odd lounging air of expectation, as one may see acrobats, who are waiting for their turn in a circus, accord an indolent and factitiously polite attention to the *artiste* on duty, but reserve all their vital energies for their own performance. One or two were speaking with earnest eloquence to select listeners, who appeared to take heed of their words. Many of the multifarious accents of the peninsula might be distinguished in the general chorus;—the slender French *u* and clipped consonants of Lombardy; the lisping tones of Venetia, like the soft lapping of the tide; the exquisitely musical vowel sounds, and lazy, slaphod aspirates of the Tuscan; the broad, strong, heavy-footed syllables of the Roman; the thick, blunt-edged accent of Naples confounding *b's* with *p's*, and *t's* with *d's*, full of those peculiar guttural cadences which have such an indefinite suggestion of street *canaille*; and the rapid huddled utterances of the Sicilian, whose speech bubbles to his lips as if it were boiling over. Gino Peretti's voice was heard rising louder and louder, interrupted by bursts of laughter which he led himself. He was telling a story illustrative of his own ignorance, of which he appeared very proud. "So when I heard them talking—Luzzi, and a lot of those fellows—about the dreadful condition of a certain Agger, and how nothing had been done to avert utter ruin, and how much respect was due from Roman citizens to all connected with Servius Tullius, I broke in, and said I, 'Look here! It's no use asking the Government. The Government never did anything for the real patriots. Let's get up a little subscription among ourselves. I'm not as rich as Torlonia, but here's my twenty francs.' 'What for?' says Luzzi, staring at me through his spectacles. 'Why,' says I, 'to help poor Agger, who deserves so well of his country, as his ancestor Servius Tullius did before him?' They roared. But how could I tell that their poor dear Agger they were lamenting about was a wall, or a mound, or whatever the devil it is? I'm not an archaeologist!"

There was a chorus of laughter and exclamations. "Oh, come, Peretti, if it isn't true it's well invented. Even you must have heard of the Agger of Servius Tullius?"

"Do you suppose I have time to attend lectures on the antiquities of Rome? As soon as I heard that the Government would do nothing for this unfortunate Agger, I concluded, of course, that he must be a veteran of the patriotic wars."

Masi steered his charge among the crowd as well as he could. He was not particularly well pleased at the duty assigned to him. This girl was all very well to talk to for an hour, *fainte de mieux*; but he would have preferred to remain in attendance on Nina Guarini, and to have heard some of the words of wisdom which, doubtless, fell from Monsieur Jules Bonnet and Dr. Angeloni, with whom the little lady was holding an animated conversation. Only ten minutes ago Masi had contradicted some remarks of Madame Nina about Violet's looks. "Tut! she has a common-place English school-girl face that says nothing; and her figure is not well made."

"My dear Masi! it is her gowns that are not well made. But, like the rest of the men, you don't know the difference!"

"Per Barco! What will you say next?"

"Well, it's no use disputing. But to-night she is better dressed than usual, and consequently—However, you shall judge for yourself." And then she had led him up to Violet.

As they stood together just within the tea-room, their further progress being blocked for a moment by the crowd, Gino Peretti, who had just finished his story, bore down in their direction, swaying to and fro, and looking over the heads of those near him. By an instinctive moment Masi pressed closer to Violet to draw her out of the way. As he did so he chanced to glance downward at the fair round arm resting on his own. From thence his eyes wandered to the shining hair, with its warm, rippling lights, to the cream-white throat, framed by the cold white of her dress, the softly-rounded bust and shoulders, the straight young figure, elastic and upright as a vigorous sapling, and it suddenly seemed to him as if he had never seen her before. "I am afraid you are uncomfortable in this crowd," said he. "Let me take you in, and find you a seat on the divan. Peretti ought to have a keeper with him! It isn't safe to let such a mass wander about at large amongst the public."

Violet looked up at him with a smile of childlike amusement, blushing and dimpling, her innocent clear eyes shining straight into his. "What can I have been thinking of?" murmured Masi to himself. "She is charmingly pretty!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE odour of hot tea and coffee came in puffs from the table where Pippo and his assistant were serving out these beverages. There was also a smell of wine and sweet cakes in the heated atmosphere, and above all the rich faint perfume of white hyacinths from a vase in the centre of the table. There was a fence of cloth-covered backs all around it. The Signora Nina always provided a great many sweetmeats which were extremely popular. There were delicate little *pâtis*, and ethereal sponge cakes which melted in the mouth; translucent candied fruits from Nice, *nougat* of Marseilles, *panforte* of Siena, crisp confections full of almonds. It was like a feast in one of the Countess d'Aulnoy's stories, where the Prince and Princess sup on sweet jelly and alicampagne, with a happy immunity from dyspepsia only to be found in Fairyland. The Signora Nina did not trouble herself about the digestions of her guests. "People," said she, "come to my house after dinner, and cannot be expected to be hungry. But they always like bon-bons and dainties. Men are *gourmands*."

The throng was so thick that it was difficult to move. People touched each others' shoulders as they stood. Masi conveyed his charge to a seat in an angle of the divan. Every one tried to make way for the young girl, but the passage was not accomplished without difficulty. Masi drew her closer to his side, and guided her along with a new kind of tenderness in his manner replacing his usual nonchalant gallantry. "Are you comfortable?" he asked, as he placed her on the divan. "Is the heat too much for you here?" Violet assured him that she was quite comfortable,

and did not mind the heat at all. Masi got a cup of tea for her, and mounted guard whilst she drank it, returning very short answers to his friends' salutations which were more effusive than usual. Telemaco Bini in particular hovered persistently near them, and darted forward officiously to take Violet's tea-cup. "I suppose that is some distinguished person," said she in English, as Bini carried off the empty cup.

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I hardly know;—his general air. He looks like a poet. Or perhaps he is one of Garibaldi's heroes. I see he wears a red shirt."

"Any one can do that!" returned Masi contemptuously.

"But he is a celebrated person, isn't he?"

"Not at all,—except in his own opinion. He is a Deputy, and he writes for the newspapers."

"Does he really?" said Violet, turning her head to look again at Bini. Her ideas about Members of Parliament and newspaper writers were much more respectful than Captain Masi's.

"And that handsome elderly gentleman who was speaking with Madame Guarini, who is he?"

"That is Dr. Angelo Angeloni, one of our most celebrated physicians. He has been through many campaigns, so you see he can afford to wear a white shirt."

"And the—the gentleman with the very short grey hair?"

"Jules Bonnet. You have heard of him?"

"I'm afraid not. I am very ignorant. We have always lived so quiet a life. Would it trouble you very much to tell me a little about him?"

Masi sat down by her side, and began to narrate what he knew about the great Monsieur Bonnet. He was rather surprised to find how little that was—only vague reminiscences from the newspapers, and one or two circumstances he remembered to have heard from Nina Guarini. Violet listened, with a puzzled crease in her forehead, trying to understand in what Monsieur Jules Bonnet's greatness consisted. Once she interrupted Masi with an astonished question. "Oh! but was that honest?" she asked.

Masi did not undertake to discuss the point. "I really don't know the details," he said, with a frank gesture of the hands. "No doubt all kinds of rascality went on in Paris at that time. You can't expect such matters to be managed *à l'eau de rose*. And I'm sure the details would not interest you, if I did know them."

The truth was that Masi had a deep-rooted feeling—not a theory, for he had never thought of troubling himself to form one—that women ought chiefly to be interested in subjects which made them interesting to him. He was accustomed to declare, half jestingly, that a woman who reasoned was a horror. But, like other opponents of private judgment, he had no objection to profit by it so long as it was exercised exclusively in his own favour. Poor little Violet Moore ran no present risk of disgusting him by a critical attitude of mind or a preponderance of reason over sentiment. She was the humblest of listeners. But she was not merely humble, she was very happy to sit and be talked to by Captain Masi; and she innocently revealed her happiness in a hundred ways, which their very unconsciousness made exquisitely flattering. Masi soon dismissed M. Jules Bonnet and the Paris Commune. "Don't let us get on the subject of politics. Ladies ought never to trouble their heads about such things, unless they are old and ugly."

"But Madame Guarini does!"

"Oh! La Signora Nina is different. She is an exception."

"The Duke of Pontalto said that he approved of women taking an interest in politics."

"Who?"

"The Duke—Don't I say it right? That gentleman who was talking to me."

"Oh! Ciccio Nasoni. He's an ass!"

"Is he?"

"Did you not find that he is?"

"But he's going into Parliament!"

Masi showed all his white teeth under his moustaches. "That's excellent!" he exclaimed. "I like that 'but'! I assure you Ciccio will not be a solitary specimen of an ass in Parliament if he ever gets there."

"I wonder—" began Violet, and then stopped short.

"Ebbene? You wonder—?"

"I mean why does the Duke want to go into Parliament? His family are all on the other side, he told me."

"That is why. He wants to spite his father. And another reason is his conceit. He wants to be talked about—to be of importance. He tried writing poetry once, but that didn't do. Almost the only thing you can go into without either brains or education is politics! So he has taken up politics. He talks very much about being a democrat and a Republican, and all that kind of thing, but I have no faith in him. You can't trust these fellows. Besides, Ciccio is too rich. He inherits all his mother's fortune. He'll amuse himself for awhile by playing at being a Red Republican, and then he'll marry, and turn pious, and send his children to the Jesuits to be educated. I know the breed of the Nasonis. All these Roman nobles are alike. They ought to be swept away altogether! *Canaglia!*"

Masi had talked himself into a fit of excitement, following the impulse of his special dislike to the Nasoni family. All at once the sound of music was heard from the adjoining room. Carlo Silvotti had seated himself at the pianoforte, and was rattling out some airs from "Madame Angot." "Do you like dancing?" asked Masi, with a sudden change of tone, and the childlike enjoying smile which was so winning. And then their conversation rippled on in a confidential undertone to the running accompaniment of Monsieur Lecoq's gaily impertinent melody:

Très joli-à-à,
Peu poli-à-à,
Possédant un gros magot, &c., &c.

The tea-room grew emptier. Some men went away. Of those who remained group after group passed into the drawing-room. A few who considered themselves privileged to do so joined the circle round the mistress of the house. Others had to content themselves with Beppe Guarini, who was discussing the financial policy of the Government with a little knot of Deputies. Many crowded round the piano, urging Carlo Silvotti to play this or that scrap of their favourite operas. Silvotti played entirely by ear, with astonishing spirit and correctness. And he had a remarkable memory, which his friends amused themselves by putting to the test. "The aria from *Aida*, Carlo!" "Let us have that last polka of Strauss." "Give us some Neapolitan tunes." "No, no; I hate popular melodies; they're all alike. Play the garden scene from *Faust!*" And so on. And Silvotti, with his boyish *insouciant* manner, obeyed these various orders, changing from one style of music to another, welding together the most dissimilar compositions by a few chords, with extraordinary facility.

"Carlo is in vein to-night," said the Signora Nina, in a pause of her own conversation. "Bravo Carlo! *Benone!* Where is Miss Moore? I want Miss Moore to hear Carlo."

Telemaco Bini stepped forward with the air of a bandit volunteering for a service of danger. Bini was fond of acting up to his red shirt in private life, and assuming guerilla chieftain attitudes. "I will have the honour to bring the Meess," said he, knitting his brows and tossing his long hair. And with that, he strode off to the tea-room. Violet jumped up like a child who has been caught playing truant, when Bini delivered his message. "Oh, thank you," she said, in her stiff Anglo-Saxon French. "It is very kind in you. I shall like very much to hear the gentleman play."

Bini offered his arm, with a tragic inclination of the head, like a stage hero ordered for immediate execution. But Masi, affecting not to notice this, pushed himself between them. "Shall I take you to the drawing-room, Miss Moore?" he said, with his easy, self-assured air. Violet coloured and hesitated. "Don't you think," she said in English, "that I had better go with this gentleman since he has been so kind—?" Masi drew back at once, not quite decided whether to be gravely offended, or loftily cool. But there was a third alternative, as he found. For when Bini, utterly unaccustomed to be in the company of ladies, and horribly embarrassed by the light touch of Violet's hand on his arm, walked off with her, keeping as far away from her as his bent elbow would permit, and turning his eyes solemnly on the ground as though heading a funeral procession, Masi was so tickled by the absurdity of his demeanour that he fell into a fit of silent laughter, and followed them into the Signora Nina's presence in the highest spirits.

There was a general stir and movement in the drawing-room when Violet entered it. Silvotti did not look up, but his consciousness of the presence of this new auditor quivered in every fingertip, and gave a new touch and expression to his playing. Monsieur Jules Bonnet made some whispered remark of a complimentary nature about her to his host. Angeloni placed a chair for her near the piano, with his courtliest air and sweetest smile. A very fat Deputy, whose tiny, tightly-shod feet seemed an absurdly disproportionate base to support his bulk, squeezed himself back against the wall, ostensibly to give Miss Moore an uninterrupted view of the piano, really to give himself an uninterrupted view of Miss Moore. Only Giorgi and Gino Peretti remained indifferent. Giorgi was enjoying the rare luxury of a patient listener. People in general thought Giorgi a bore, and had no particular inducement to conceal their thought. He was shabby, and snuffy, and self-conceited, and of no consequence. His harangues were ruthlessly cut short, his theories pooh-poohed, his experiences set aside as antiquated and out of date. No one thought of making any polite pretences with old Giorgi. But now he had got hold of Miss Baines, who appeared to be enthralled by his eloquence. He abused her country to her with enthusiasm. The monstrous egotism of English policy was one of his favourite themes. He had been fed, and lodged, and clothed by England for many years, and he did not altogether refuse good qualities to individual Britons. They were often, for instance, rich. They were frequently generous. He himself had met with acts of kindness from several of them. But, collectively, the nation was intolerable. It was an amusing, but by no means unprecedented fact that Giorgi talked in this fashion to English persons, with an implicit confidence in their forbearance which was almost touching. It is certain that he would never have ventured to say half so much against France to a Frenchman, unless he were prepared to quarrel with him. And once, when Nina Guarini had made some remark to that effect, he answered: "*Cara mia!* the English don't care so much what any one thinks of them. They are too stupid!"

Gino Peretti, for his part, rather resented Violet's presence. He disapproved of ladies coming to the Guarinis' receptions. They caused him some constraint. He was divided between a desire to shine and a great ignorance and uncertainty as to what amount of buffoonery was permissible in the presence of ladies. He had a wife at home in the country, but she had no pretensions to be a lady. She understood the culture of olives extremely well, and knew a great deal about the manufacture of oil, and was an invaluable helpmate to him in his business. She was, moreover, a model to the whole country side for the vast stores of linen accumulated in her presses, and the punctuality with which she attended to her religious duties. Peretti admired her very much in the capacity of a wife. That was how women ought to be, he considered—or, at all events, wives. Atheism and the higher political convictions were for men.

Peretti went on talking ostentatiously through the music, and looking away from the feminine interloper who diminished his audience. Presently Silvotti left off playing, with a burlesque flourish, and got up from the piano. "There," said he, "I think I have bored you all enough." There was a general movement. Groups broke up, and redistributed themselves. Miss Baines, who had for some time past been timidly wondering how she could get away from Signor Giorgi, was released by the cessation of the music. Giorgi had found his talk agreeably sustained by the accompaniment of Silvotti's playing; and when the playing came to an end he suddenly paused. Miss Baines at once rose from her chair. "You are not going away?" said Giorgi, almost indignantly.

"I'm afraid we really must," answered Miss Baines, hurrying across the room. She felt that there was no safety but in prompt flight, and that a moment's parley would undo her. "I shall come and pay you a visit," said Giorgi, limping after her. Miss Baines went up to their hostess to say "Good-night."

"Oh, it is quite early yet!" exclaimed Beppe Guarini. "You mustn't go so soon."

"It is twelve o'clock, Signor Guarini," answered Miss Baines; "and I never keep late hours."

Here the Signora Nina interposed. Miss Baines must not be teased to stay. She had been very kind to come at all. If they were reasonable, and did not ask too much, she might be induced to come again. Violet was surrounded by a little knot of admirers, each of whom gravely shook hands with her when she said "Good-night," under the impression that that was the universal English practice. And the fat Deputy, having satisfied himself that she really was on the point of departing, and that there was no chance of his being expected to say any more, boldly uttered three of the dozen syllables which formed his English vocabulary, and exclaimed "Good-bye, Meess," with effusion.

Telemaco Bini alone hovered on the outskirts of the group. Although he could not summon courage to enter into conversation with her, he could not forget that he had performed the feat of giving Miss Moore his arm once that evening, and he was resolved to repeat the achievement. He waited in a kind of ambush, ready to conduct her to her carriage. But Captain Masi frustrated his intentions. Masi went close up to Violet with so decided an air of taking possession of her that every one else drew back. "I am going to have the honour to take you downstairs," said he, in English. His command of her language gave him what Bini felt to be an unfair advantage. Violet smilingly allowed herself to be taken possession of.

"Good-night! and thank you so much!" she said to the Signora Nina. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes round and shining. She looked like a happy child. Nina kissed her, and shook hands with Miss Baines, to whom she gave many injunctions about wrapping herself up warmly. "People catch cold in Rome, and take the fever, and then they say it is the climate," said she, accompanying her guests to the door of the anteroom. Here she caught sight of Bini. He was glaring at Masi, who had just placed Violet's cloak on her shoulders. "Allo, Bini," said the Signora Nina; "take care of Miss Baines to her carriage. May I present to you the Deputato Telemaco Bini?" Bini's only consolation, as he marched downstairs with his charge in solemn silence, was that he should be entitled to call on Miss Baines now that he had been formally introduced to her. And by the time he had conveyed her to the hack carriage which was waiting at the door, and roused the sleepy driver, and wrenched open the crazy door of the vehicle—all of which operations were accomplished before Miss Moore and Captain Masi had got downstairs—he felt himself on a comparatively intimate footing with the family.

When the coach jolted away, leaving Bini and Captain Masi

standing side by side on the pavement, Violet leaned back silently in her corner of the carriage.

"Did you enjoy yourself, my dear?" asked her aunt, after a little while.

"Oh, so much!" answered the girl, with a little thrill in her voice. Then, almost self-reproachfully, she added, quickly: "But I'm afraid that perhaps you did not, Aunt Betsy? I—I could not get near you all the evening."

"No, indeed; I passed a more agreeable evening than I expected."

"I'm glad of that. I was afraid you might find that lame old gentleman a little tiresome."

"Oh, no. He can talk English, you know; and he seems to be a very clever person." Then, after a pause: "Is he the head of the family, do you think? He seems so very young."

"Who, Aunt Betsy?"

"The Duke of Pontalto, my dear."

(To be continued)



"THE RENAISSANCE OF ART IN ITALY," by Leader Scott (S. Low and Co.).—This is not a new history of the tremendous epoch which gives the book its title; it is, as the author modestly describes it, "an illustrated sketch." Of writings on the Renaissance there are perhaps already enough and to spare; yet, so far as its limits as a sketch permit, this work takes a foremost place, not only amongst books dealing with this particular subject, but also amongst books of its class. In literature as in art, a sketch should give us all the essentials of a complete picture—the strong points, the general features, and, where necessary, even guides to detail. This is precisely what Leader Scott has done, not brilliantly, perhaps, but honestly and vividly. The four centuries of literature and art, which form the period of the Renaissance, are as it were focussed into a field of observation; so that we can watch almost with a glance the progress of four hundred years. Leader Scott divides her work into four eras: the rise, the development, the culmination, and the decline; and in less than four hundred pages,—by no means closely printed, and to a great extent monopolised by illustrations—she has written a first rate introduction to the general subject. She gives an insight into the literature, architecture, sculpture, painting, mosaics, metal-work, printing, engraving, glass-painting, furniture, majolica, gem-cutting, needle-work, and tapestry of the period; and, though the book is addressed to the uninitiated, it will be found of interest and worth to "those who know." The task was a big one, and a difficult; perhaps no higher praise could be given to the author than to say that she has performed it exceedingly well. She describes her view as practical and homely, material and compact; it is all these and more: it is generally sound. And to these qualities are added a pleasant, lively, unassuming style, and a clear, intelligent system of classification. Of the illustrations it must be said that, if some of them seem scarcely new, and others not in the finest style of art, they have been selected with judgment, and certainly do illustrate the text. In short, this is one of the very few worthy books to be sifted from the feeble rubbish of recent Art literature. It was written with an honest purpose, which it fulfils; and it supplies a want.

"Wagnerism: A Protest," by Major H. W. L. Hime, R.A., F.S.S. (Kegan Paul and Co.).—Major Hime quotes as a motto for his title-page that witty saying of Rossini, "M. Wagner a de beaux moments, mais de mauvais quart d'heures;" and—supposing, of course, that he is not one of the devoted band of Wagner's followers—if the reader chuckles with satisfaction at Rossini's neat stab, he will be filled with great rejoicing at most which follows it. Major Hime is at once well-informed and dexterous in the application of his knowledge; and withal he has a fine sense of humour. This little book consequently is not only a telling contribution to the "Music of the Future" question ("Music of the Present" it ought to be dubbed), but it is likewise one of the most piquant and amusing productions of its kind. He shows by a series of absurd quotations that Herr Hueffer, in his "Wagner and the Music of the Future," has been inspired, by enthusiastic admiration of the Great Word-Tone-Painter, into the perpetuation of some remarkable statements which are as ridiculous in themselves as they are damaging to Wagner. Wagner, as all the world knows, has a large number of theories; it takes nine volumes to expound them. In these volumes, according to Herr Hueffer, he "lays a firm hold on almost all the moving currents of contemporary thought, overpowering their heterogeneous motions, and leading them with unequalled force of concentration to the one aim of its own aspiration. Politics, religion, history, and national economy are treated with the same sovereign power of centripetal rotation, in so far as they may tend to the desired ideal of a new phase of art." Major Hime suggests that this is very good nonsense; because if Herr Hueffer is in earnest, criticism is impossible: "One can only criticise what one understands." We cannot do full justice to, or even convey a complete idea of, such a work as Major Hime's in a brief paragraph; but it is a book worth reading for its own sake, apart from the controversy which has given rise to it. By way of conclusion we may paraphrase one of Major Hime's best bits: if Herr Wagner composed for the future, it was open to him to do with his dramas what Talleyrand did with his memoirs—hand them over sealed to properly constituted executors, to be published after the lapse of so many years!

It is some two or three weeks since Mr. Hall Caine's "Recollections of Rossetti" was noticed in these columns. Another book on Rossetti is now before us—"Dante Gabriel Rossetti: A Record and a Study," by William Sharp (Macmillan and Co.). Mr. Sharp has hitherto been known to the reading public only by a good volume of poems and several papers on art matters, contributed to the monthly magazines. His book on Rossetti is in many respects admirable. Like Mr. Caine, Mr. Sharp, too, was a personal friend and admirer of the poet, and though his book does not give us any such complete picture of Rossetti's personality as Mr. Caine's did, it far surpasses the latter in its complete delineation of Rossetti as a poet and a painter. The introductory chapter on the life of the poet goes over what is now familiar ground; the history of "the Pre-Raphaelite Idea" and "The Germ" is the best and fullest yet penned; the account of Rossetti's book-illustrations, designs, and pictures, with the carefully-compiled catalogue of all his pictorial compositions, is very minute, shows much knowledge, and contains suggestive criticism; and the closing chapters on Rossetti's poetry are elaborate and accurate. Mr. Sharp's work, in short, will long remain the authority on its subject, nor can it be wholly superseded by the biography we have been led to hope Mr. Theodore Watts will some day write. But a book which aims at being a "record and a study" of such a man as Rossetti should, if possible, be itself a piece of literature, and something more than an agglomeration of facts. It should charm by its style as well as instruct by its matter. In this respect, unfortunately, Mr. Sharp altogether fails. His vocabulary is sterile, his sentences broken-backed. And his constant use of the personal pronoun gives an air of dogmatism and interruption to what is, after all, in spite of

its crudeness of expression, an extremely interesting and a very valuable book.

To satisfy the requirements of the New Code, Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. are issuing a new Series of English History Readers. The first two of these—"Tales from English History" and "Early England"—are already published; "Middle England" and "Modern England" will complete the series. Schoolmasters will welcome these excellent little books; for they are accurate as well as interesting, and are carefully suited for use under the New Code. Mr. J. G. Hefford, B.A., is the editor.

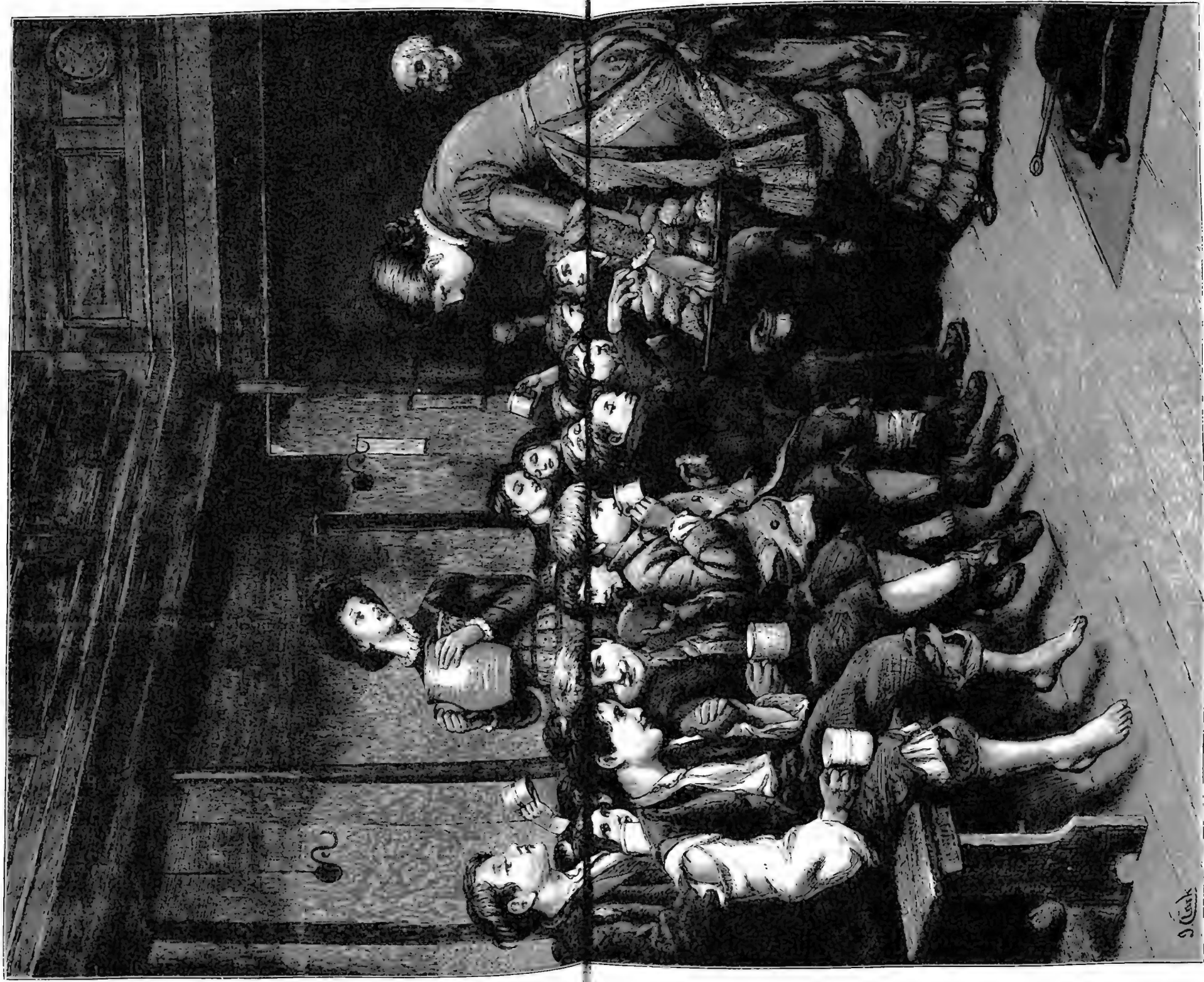
For genuine fun, unblushing puffery, and lively incident we may recommend "Struggles and Triumphs, or Recollections of P. T. Barnum," written by himself. (Ward, Lock, and Co.). This is a revised version of the great Showman's remarkable career, and the narrative comes down to the most recent times, including even the great Jumbo craze.—Messrs. Vandervell and Witham are probably the best scientific skaters of the day, and their proficiency is gracefully recognised by two younger but very accomplished masters of the art of figure-skating. Messrs. Montagu S. F. Monier-Williams and Sydney F. Monier-Williams, the authors of the just-published work, "Combined Figure-Skating" (Horace Cox), claim only to have extended and brought down to the most recent date the ideas in Messrs. Vandervell and Witham's well-known work, "A System of Figure-Skating." But the younger men have originated several fascinating figures, and their little book will be immensely popular with the happy people with leisure and skill to enjoy scientific figure-skating.—Mr. Tom Jerrold issues a new edition of "The Garden that Paid the Rent" (Chatto and Windus), a small work published originally in 1860. The title is alluring, and the book is clever; but only strong and persevering persons could successfully achieve the task set himself by Mr. Jerrold's hero Atkins.—An excellent book for children to read with their more formal histories is "Stories from English History," by Louise Creighton (Rivingtons). Its language is simple, and it deals with subjects such as Froissart, Cædmon, and the fight of *The Revenge*, to which, Mrs. Creighton says, it is often difficult to do justice in children's histories.—"The Service Almanack for the Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces for 1883" (Harrison and Sons) is the most useful volume of its kind we have seen, and we have little doubt that when it has had a larger life (this is only its second year), it will be more frequently consulted than any of its competitors. Carefully as the work has been compiled, we notice a few omissions. There is no mention of the Marine Barracks at Chatham, no list of rewards and promotions for the recent campaign in Egypt (none, at least, that we can discover), no complete list of the Volunteer Regiments. These omissions will doubtless be supplied in succeeding editions. In all other respects the Almanack is complete, and it is well planned, and easy of reference.



MRS. RIDDELL has won her reputation in the courts and by-ways of the City rather than in country lanes, so that "Daisies and Buttercups" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) has a rather uncharacteristically pastoral flavour for one of her titles. In other respects it is at once like, and unlike, her novels in general, and even recalls some of them in other ways than manner. Mr. Smith, the young surgeon who endeavours to work the weight off a ruined life by plodding with his pen at journalism, and by the same means to destroy his identity so far as he can, is own brother to George Geith of Fen Court, for example. Though Cheverley, who is supposed to tell the story, and must therefore be regarded as at any rate the formal and conventional hero, lives in the country, and is in love with a heroine connected with Art instead of business, still the sharpest and brightest parts of the novel are those which again display that curious and intimate knowledge of commercial life behind the scenes in which Mrs. Riddell will never be surpassed, or probably equalled. Certainly the novel, as a whole, is not constructed with her usual skill. It contains a number of plots only accidentally connected with, and having no real bearing upon, one another. It is the same with several of the characters, who appear to be introduced for the sake of their separate portraiture, seeing that they have no concern with any of the stories. But each character, and each plot or episode, is of excellent quality when considered on its own independent merits. Mr. Rodewald, in particular, is an especially successful portrait of a very difficult character—with scarcely any ordinary qualities, and with none that are pleasant to contemplate, he is made entirely life-like, human, and interesting in an entirely original way. Some of the scenes rise to real power, as in the case of the exceedingly dramatic interview between the Mr. Smith already mentioned, and the wife by whom his life was ruined, while Rodewald, unseen, witnesses the meeting and turns it into capital. Incidentally, the novel contains some capital commercial doctrines, apparently of American origin, but new to print, so far as we are aware. Without being on the highest level of Mrs. Riddell's work, "Daisies and Buttercups" is likely to prove among the most generally interesting.

"Mrs. Lorimer, a Sketch in Black and White," by Lucas Malet (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), is quite clever enough to interest and please all who are—dare we say afflicted?—with the favourite taste for minute self-introspection. The novel is a very good one of its kind, so that, assuming the merit of its school, the merit of the novel is beyond question. There are passages which, displaying the extremity of the mental distortion which follows upon the habit of studying our own moods, tempted us to fancy that "Mrs. Lorimer" is an intentional caricature rather than an example of its school; but the air of good faith proves unmistakable. Mrs. Lorimer is a lady whose sentimental conscience tortures her with the belief that she has no right ever to be happy again after the death of a husband for whom she had not cared: her lover's transcendent fineness of feeling is so shocked at finding his friendship for her disturbed by becoming something deeper that he would rather give her up altogether than descend from those Platonic heights in which he had intended to remain. And so these two simpletons, for such in very truth they are, go on causelessly tormenting themselves and one another till poor Mrs. Lorimer actually dies of obdurate sentimentality, just when her lover appears to be coming to his senses. And this relation of cultivated misery is evidently regarded as sympathetic and beautiful. The story is gracefully told, but the whole atmosphere is close and morbid, and likely to encourage other Mrs. Lorimers in believing their own vapours and humours to be really important things.

"Katinka: or Under the Veneer," a novel, by Robert J. Langstaff Haviland (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), must have been inspired by a profound and sympathetic study of the works of "Ouida." It is unusual to find her school represented by a masculine pen—more curious still to learn that the author of "Katinka" has arrived at an age of sufficient discretion to be a Cambridge M.A. The character of the novel is a combination of knowingness and naughtiness, such as a certain sort of precocious schoolboy occasionally puts on, in order to pass for a man of the world. That Mr. Haviland knows something of Hungary, and even of the Magyar language, is evident, though his belief that even in Hungary an orchestral work can be improvised renders his accuracy a little open to suspicion. The same kind of credulity is



"WAIFS AND STRAYS"
FROM THE PICTURE BY JOSEPH CLARK, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

apparent in the views he takes of the reality of the stock Polish *roués* and their kindred belonging to a certain sort of would-be fast fiction. All this is in its way amusing enough for tastes upon which the paste jewels of a non-existent world have not palled long ago, but the plot upon which Mr. Haviland has based his romance is not amusing at all. It simply displays a hopeless incapacity for comprehending the first elements of good taste, or of the respect due from an author to his readers. But, objectionable from every point of view as the plot is, the execution of it is far too feeble to result in harm save to correspondingly dull and feeble minds.

"Coming; or, The Golden Year," a Tale, by Selina Gaye (1 vol. : Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), is an attempt to imagine the effect of a vision of Heaven upon a blind intellect, and belongs, though in the form of a tale, rather to the region of poetry and of prose. There is so much graceful fancy, both in descriptions of mountain life and in the mystical allegory which runs through the volume, that the tale is worth reading at leisure apart from its higher purposes.

OUR VILLAGE CONCERT

WE manage our concerts at Slopston-by-Slumley, in Wiltshire, so as to attain two ends: the elevation of the masses, and the aid of some specific object. The specific object we have aimed at this year is a sufficiently high one, being the church weathercock. It was felt by the parishioners, noticed by the churchwardens, and remarked upon by the Vicar that this ornithological institution was in a condition to make the orthodox grieve. It had shed its gilt; hitherto so resplendent in the morning sun, it no longer resplended; its tail drooped; in fact, it was altogether only at half-cock. Therefore, by unanimous consent, was our "Grand Concert in Aid of the Church Weathercock Fund" decided upon.

We rely upon native talent in Slopston. There are no fussy negotiations with foreign stars from Dresden, Paris, or London, or even from our county town, Slumley. Patti may be all very well, but our Miss Greenwood's upper C, in white muslin, and with her eyes elevated to the schoolroom beams, is quite good enough for us. Santley has made a certain name for himself, no doubt, but Mr. Brown, our tenor, might very well have done the same, say we, had not the great responsibility of his position of assistant in the grocer's shop precluded such light thoughts. Our bass, Mr. Bean, the blacksmith, could, when he has a cold, give Signor Foli points and then drown him. Of instrumental talent, too, there is no lack. We muster three violinists, each of whom can pierce a one-inch oak plank. Blades, our draper, can draw tears from the eyes of the most stony, when he puts the "tremolo" on that fine old instrument, the clarinette. There are two young farmers who cultivate the cornet, and the station-master coquets with a trombone; to say nothing of the gigantic French horn, worn on musical occasions by Mr. Boome, our village carpenter. We say worn advisedly, for Boome gets inside it, and it curls in graceful spirals from his knees round his waistcoat, up to his mouth, and over his shoulder. The playing is sometimes a little fitful, but the scenic effect is undeniable.

But where would our musicians be without our leader, Mr. Ashworth, the village druggist and undertaker; who plays the harmonium church; who can rattle you through Sullivan's operas from memory; who talks quite familiarly of Schubert and Rossini, Offenbach and the other Bach; who can accompany anything at first sight, or even without any sight at all; Ashworth, the renowned author of "The Slopston Sylph Waltz!" Ashworth is all musical soul. He always puts up his medicines in eight ounce bottles, because the divisions on them correspond with the diatonic scale. His pestle beats in three-four time. His very pills are arranged in movements, *andante*, *allegro*, and *scherzo*. We all look up to him.

This year Mr. Ashworth has eclipsed himself. We had the concert as usual in the National Schoolroom. The doctor as usual most kindly lent his piano, which as usual we found was shockingly out of tune, but he thoughtfully consented to our putting it into first-rate order, of course at our own expense. We pasted yellow bills about, regardless of cost, though everybody knew what was coming. Ashworth arranged his programme with consummate art. To be sure, one little hitch occurred. Miss Greenwood has hitherto held undisputed sway in Slopston, but about three months ago a Scotch farmer named McCracklin settled in the neighbourhood, bringing with him a musical daughter of undoubted tone. Musical Slopston, we are sorry to say, immediately split into two camps. All residents in arrears with their rates thought Miss McCracklin decidedly superior to Miss Greenwood; whereas the rest held staunch to the latter lady. This peculiar division of sympathy may seem strange, but it is explained by the fact that Miss Greenwood's papa is the local tax-gatherer. Miss Greenwood rather resented the intrusion from over the Border, but Ashworth was quite equal to the occasion. He suggested to her to sing a French song, which language the Highland lassie had not cultivated. She was delighted. The foreign tongue would raise her far above the McCracklin sphere. Then (clever man!) he proposed to Miss McC. to sing some little thing in Gaelic, which was as good as Greek to Miss Greenwood. Thus does genius remove mountains.

We had a first-rate house. The Vicar took the chair. At the back of the platform was Ashworth's choir. In the front row of seats sat our gentry, who, to do them justice, always sacrifice themselves without a sigh, indeed, with many smiles, on such occasions. On the second row sat such of our village notables as could hope to receive a distant bow, or even an ejaculation, from the front row. Then came our tradesmen and farmers, with their wives and daughters; whilst behind all were the young ladies and gentlemen of the National School, severely combed and brushed.

There were certainly a few little incidents which varied the even flow of the performance. We all sympathise with old Mrs. Griddle's deafness, but she need not have walked up to the platform and projected her ear-trumpet right into Mr. Brown's face, just as he was in the most tender part of "I Fear No Foe." It provoked laughter in the unreflecting, and shook that respect for infirmity which all should cultivate. And there was a little interruption at the back which could have been dispensed with. Miss Greenwood was just in the middle of Gounod's "Serenade," and was enchanting us with "Cong too door, carm ay poor, dong lumber"—when suddenly one of the schoolboys rose, and stretching out his hand as though he were in class, vociferated, "Please, sir! please, sir!" This interpolation attracted the attention of the whole audience, as well as of our schoolmaster, Mr. Boddy, who was on the platform leading the basses. Miss Greenwood stopped in the middle of a run. "Well," said Mr. Boddy, stepping forward, "what is it, lad?" "Please, sir," answered the excited youngster, "here's a boy swallowed a trouser button!" Again that sympathy with affliction which should animate every breast was not so apparent as might have been wished. In point of fact there was a general roar, and it was two minutes before Miss Greenwood could finish the run.

But these were trifles. When Mr. Bean sang "The Wolf," nobody thought of laughing. It was felt to be serious business. That preliminary look round he gave quelled all hearts, and would have qualified him for a prison warder or "shopwalker" at a draper's. The glare of his eye when he set forth to "rifle, rob, and plunder" was almost demonic. The farmers thumped their sticks on the floor, and would have it all over again. Miss McCracklin's Gaelic song, depicting the woes of a forsaken maiden, was a great success too. The audience laughed immensely, evidently considering it to be a humorous effort, and though the Vicar knew better, having an English version in his hat which he had intended to read, he had the discretion to omit doing so. So

we went on capitolly. When the time came for the French horn solo, everybody was thoroughly in tune, and when Mr. Boome appeared, arrayed in his instrument, the applause was unbounded. It was unfortunate that he should place himself so near the Vicar's chair, and turn the mouth that way, for that gentleman, being unprepared, was startled out of all clerical dignity by the first note, and, it is whispered, even got so far as "Well, I'm ——" But however the incident affected the Vicar, it was far more painfully felt by poor Boome himself, who is a nervous man, and given to blushing. Boome is bald, and, as our readers are doubtless aware, all bald people blush on the top of their heads. His cranium accordingly became crimson. But he gallantly clung to his brazen garment, and brought down the house.

We have no space to dwell on the other incidents of the evening. We had solos, vocal and instrumental, duets, and a trio, "Mynheer Van Dunck," to take part in which a mild curate had been specially laid on, and several choruses—none of your new-fangled notions, but good, sound stuff, like "Who will o'er the Downs so Free?" and "All Among the Barley."

There is only one disagreeable thing which pertains to the memory of our concert, and that is the notice of it which appeared in the *Slumley Free and Enlightened Press*. The whole notice is taken up with Miss McCracklin, to the exclusion and indignation of every other *artiste*. We cannot understand the reason. There is a fresh reporter on that paper, a young man. That evening the young man had a bottle of sherry all to himself, and finished it. If anything should make a man impartial, sherry should. After he had had the sherry, he kissed Miss McCracklin in the infants' schoolroom. This is not mere hearsay. We were in the infants' schoolroom with that charming songstress, Miss Greenwood (far superior to Miss McCracklin), at the moment. We could swear to it, because Miss Greenwood was near to him at the time, and we were very near to Miss Greenwood. It is strange how people allow their artistic judgment to be swayed by personal predilection, even in Slopston.

R. T. G.

TROWBRIDGE PARISH CHURCH

QUAINT, old-fashioned Trowbridge, near Bath, now chiefly noted in commercial circles as one of the principal seats of the West of England cloth manufacture, claims celebrity in the past for historical and literary associations. Two Queens of England—Mary and Anne—were of Trowbridge descent; their great grandmother on the maternal side having been the daughter of a wealthy Trowbridge clothier, while the poet Crabbe was Rector there for eighteen years, early in this century, and died in the old Rectory, where many relics of the writer are still preserved. But the best relic of olden times in Trowbridge is its fine Perpendicular church—a very striking edifice, of which we gave an illustration last week, and which is said to have been founded by John of Gaunt on the site of a much earlier building. This fourteenth-century church, however, had fallen into such disrepair and decay that it had to be restored internally and externally some thirty-five years ago. But rarely since this fine old church was founded has it presented so animated an appearance as during a recent Harvest Thanksgiving Service, when the Bishop of Manchester preached. The prayers were read by the Rector, the Rev. Howard Gill—to whom we are indebted for the above particulars—assisted by the Archdeacon of Wells and the Rural Dean, and the edifice was densely crowded.



J. BATH.—Two sentimental songs for the drawing-room, music by C. H. R. Marriott, are: "The Faded Roseleaf," the pathetic poetry of which is by Charles J. Rowe, the compass from C below the lines to E fourth space—and "The Whisper," written by G. T. Newbury, published in E flat and in C; neither of these ballads will add to their composer's fame.—Everybody knows Mr. Corney Grain's "He Did and He Didn't Know Why," which certainly is, as its composer wittily states "a song without rhyme or reason," at the same time irresistibly comic when sung by him in his threefold character of author, composer, and executant.—"Her Mother!" though far less original than the first-named song, the theme being so very hackneyed, is fairly entitled to the name of "a humorous song;" it is written and composed by Arthur Cecil.—At a seaside or people's concert, "The Captain and the Mermaid," written and composed by Herbert Harraden, would make a great hit; the words are very funny and the tune would be quickly caught up and chorused by the public.—There is a cheerful melody and a certain "go" in "Cordelia" (Rigodon *pour le piano*, by H. A. Muscat, which will please merry young people and tempt them to learn it by heart.—A graceful and not difficult *morceau de salon* is "Summer Bloom," by J. E. Newell.—Four useful pianoforte pieces for the schoolroom by William Smallwood are "Merrie Sunbeams," "Carina" (the prettiest and easiest of the group), "The Willow Glen," and "La Prière du Soir," a jerky *morceau*, in $\frac{3}{4}$ -time, more suggestive of a waltz than a prayer.—The frontispiece of "Smallwood's Dance Album" is remarkably pretty, but the same cannot be said of its contents; this clever composer was evidently not in a mood for writing dance music when he penned these specimens of mediocrity.—Merry and danceable is "Chit-Chat Polka," by C. H. R. Marriott.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.—"The Golden City" is another of those delightful and refined cantatas for female voices, of which Messrs. E. Oxenford and Franz Abt have produced some half-dozen or more, and stamped with a peculiar charm. We can cordially recommend it to all musical circles where the female element preponderates, and especially to college breaking-up parties. The libretto is founded upon an old country legend of Midsummer Day. Three principal soloists and a chorus are required, and whether sung in a drawing-room to a pianoforte accompaniment, or on a platform with scenic effects and fancy costumes, the result would be, to audience and singers, a pleasantly spent hour.—Nos. 179 and 180 of "The Orpheus New Series" of Part Songs for Male Voices are respectively:—Shakespeare's "Tell Me Where is Fancy Bred," set to music by Ciro Pinsuti, who has fully entered into the spirit of the theme, and Ben Jonson's time-honoured poem, "Hymn to Cynthia," admirably set to music by Berthold Tours. These part songs, arranged for mixed voices, will be found in "Novello's Part Song Book" (Nos. 472 and 473).—"Power and Love," a grand bass song, the words written and composed by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, the music, in which is embodied the melody typical of the Redeemer from the oratorio of *The Redemption*, by Ch. Gounod, has already made its mark under the auspices of Mr. Santley.—That most unique and complete series of "Music Primers," edited by Dr. Stainer, who has secured for each issue the work of its highest professor on the special subject treated of, has arrived at its twenty-second number. "The Violoncello," by Jules de Swert, "to be continued," is the welcome note to all who are interested in musical education in its most comprehensive sense. What will become of our musical critics fifty years hence, when there will be no rubbish composed, written, or played, thanks to the road to learning being made so smooth?

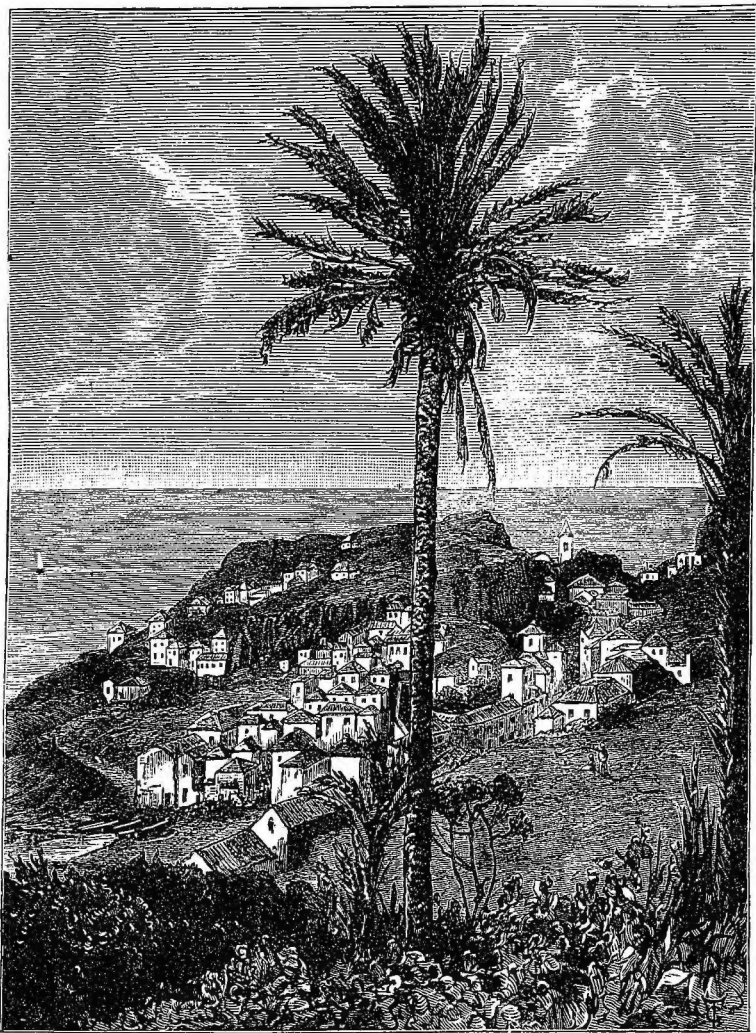
WHATEVER place in the hierarchy of Art may ultimately be assigned to Rossetti, there can be no question as to his originality. He obviously owed little to the example of his predecessors. The sincerity and severe simplicity of the primitive Florentine school are reflected in the two pictures "The Girlhood of Virgin Mary" and "The Annunciation," produced at a very early period of his career, and in his treatment of colour in several later works the influence of the great Venetian masters may be discerned; but in all of them his own distinct individuality asserts itself. An examination of his collected works shows that he was richly endowed with artistic instinct as well as imaginative power and poetic feeling; but it shows with equal clearness that he never mastered the technical difficulties of his Art. The faulty drawing which seriously detracts from the value of the two interesting pictures just mentioned is to be seen in all his works. He evidently never possessed more than a very superficial knowledge of the structure of the human body. Nor, with continual practice, did he acquire any executive facility. From first to last he worked in a laborious and tentative way, without any certainty of producing the desired result.

Notwithstanding their technical shortcomings, however, many of his pictures are in the highest degree interesting. His power of poetic invention is first prominently shown in the two pictures bearing the comprehensive title "Salutatio Beatrix." The first represents Dante, as described in the "Vita Nuova," gazing with wonder and admiration at Beatrice, who with two ladies is descending a flight of steps near Florence, and in the second, which illustrates a passage in the "Purgatorio," their meeting in Paradise is depicted. The first of these, which strikes as much the better of the two, is distinguished by a strength of style and a power of dealing with large masses of powerful colour that we find in a few only of his later pictures. In every quality of art it is superior to the work in three compartments illustrating the legend of "Paolo and Francesca di Rimini," painted three years later. Of Rossetti's larger works, the central compartment of the triptych from Llandaff Cathedral, representing "The Adoration of the Magi," is one of the best. The prevailing colour is unpleasantly vitreous in quality, but it displays great earnestness of expression, together with beauty of composition and largeness of manner. We can, however, find little to admire in the compartment showing David as a young shepherd with his crook and sling; and still less in that in which he is seen, aged and a king, absurdly clad in mediæval armour, and playing on a fantastically-formed musical instrument. A picture, called "Found," which, though begun in his youth, Rossetti worked on in his last days, and which still remains unfinished, shows more than any other in the collection, dramatic power of realisation, and true perception of the expressiveness of spontaneous gesture. A great deal of dramatic power is also to be seen in the water-colour drawing of two lovers suddenly confronted with their own apparitions as they walk in a wood, called "How they Met Themselves."

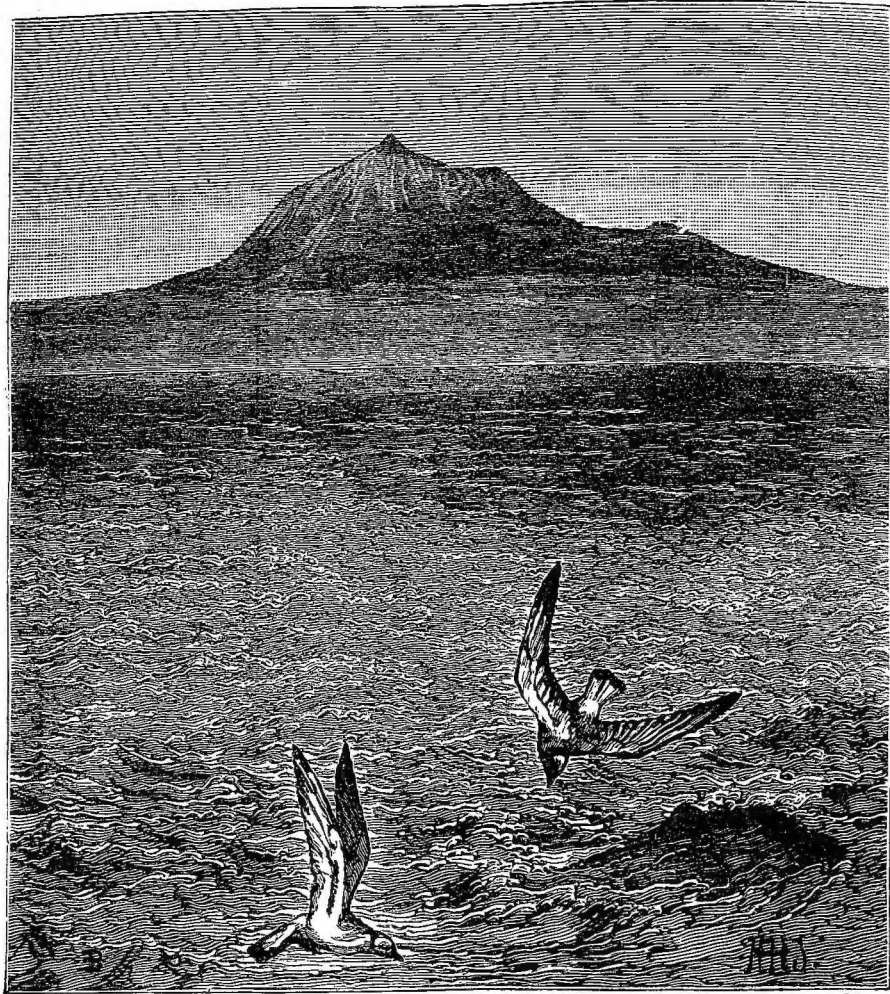
Greatly superior to all these is the large picture belonging to the Corporation of Liverpool—"Dante's Dream," illustrating the passage in the "Vita Nuova," in which Dante describes his dream on the day of the death of Beatrice Portinari. The inaccuracy of design characteristic of the artist's work is present here, and the principal actors in the scene are more faulty in this respect than the subordinate figures; but the picture is nevertheless deeply impressive by reason of its grandeur of conception, its pathetic expression, and appropriately sombre harmony of colour. Of the serene beauty and gracious nobility of attitude of the two green-clad dream ladies who hold the pall full of may-bloom suspended over the dead Beatrice, it would be difficult to speak too highly. The numerous life-sized single female figures in which the same type of face is constantly repeated, produce a sense of monotony, the more so as Rossetti's ideal of beauty—at least for a considerable period of his life—was of a very morbid kind. The melancholy aspect of "The Roman Widow," "La Pia," and others is suggestive of physical pain rather than mental distress. The lady in a blue robe, who, with a dissatisfied expression on her unlovely face, is engaged in embroidery, certainly does not realise the idea of Shakespeare's dejected "Mariana;" nor is it easy to find any beauty of form or colour in the half-length figure of a girl, with ill-formed hands and a swelling which looks like an incipient goitre in her neck, called "Monna Pomona." Strikingly in contrast with these works are the half-length of a richly-attired lady, "Monna Vanna," and the group of fair maidens, with a young negress in the foreground, illustrating some verses in the Song of Solomon, "The Beloved; or the Bride." In both we find healthy beauty and refreshing simplicity of expression. In addition to their other merits, they are among the best examples in the room of Rossetti's great but very unequal power as a colourist. The subtle beauties of tone, that are to be seen in the works of the greatest colourists only, were outside his range of vision, but he had a rare power of bringing pure and powerful local tints into harmony, and of disposing them so as to produce a splendid decorative effect. His skill in this way is admirably exemplified in the picture of a lady playing a musical instrument, called "Monna Vanna."—A characteristic and life-like portrait of Rossetti, painted by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., appropriately occupies a place in the Gallery.

From Rossetti's highly imaginative but imperfect work to Linnell's English Pastorals the transition is somewhat sudden. In the pictures and drawings which fill the first and second rooms the progress and development of this conscientious and able landscape painter's art may be distinctly traced. And it will surprise those who have seen only his later productions to find how wide was his range and how admirable his best work. Although in the future he will be known only as a landscape painter, he painted many portraits; and that he seriously studied this department of art is shown in several examples, and especially in the large half-length of "The Rev. John Martin," painted at an early period of his career. The general effect is broad and simple, and all the varied contours of the characteristic and aged head are modelled with rigid precision.—Not less carefully studied in detail or less accurate in definition of form than these are the two very early landscapes, "Removing Timber in Autumn," and "Quoit Players." These works and others belonging to the same period are painty and opaque, and have none of the richness of colour to be seen in his mature work. Greatly in advance of them, but painted long before Linnell contracted the individuality of style that in some of his latest works almost degenerated into mannerism, are a small "Landscape, with a Haystack," which might be taken for the work of Van Goyen, and "The Windmill," in which the influence of a stormy sky on the landscape is depicted with much ability.

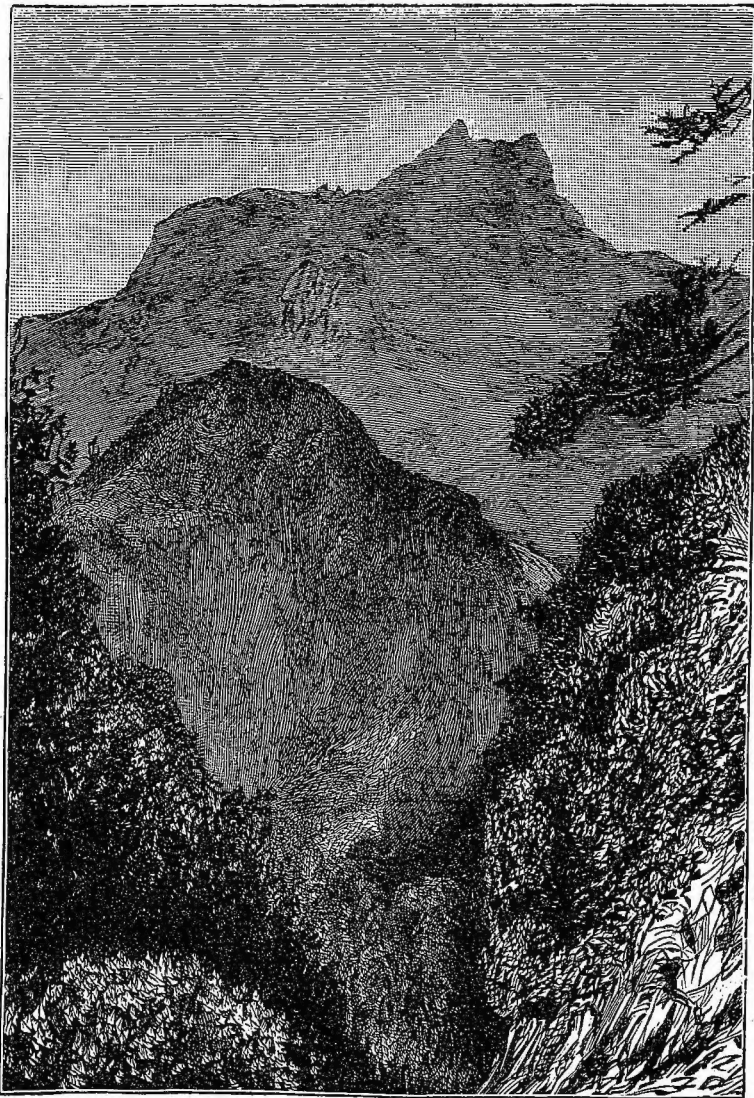
Although Linnell seldom attempted to realise the more impressive phenomena of light and air, he attained great mastery in dealing with the varying aspects of the sky. In most cases, too, but not in all, he succeeded in establishing the right relation between the sky and the permanent features of the scene. In nothing is his skill in seizing and recording a beautiful and very evanescent effect better shown than in the Welsh landscape, with a flock of sheep, stretching far away into the distance, "Fine Evening After Rain." In "The Last Gleam Before the Storm," painted some years later, a grander and more impressive natural effect is rendered with great power. Besides its atmospheric truth, the picture is remarkable for its perfect harmony of low-toned colour, its beauty of composition, and masterly execution. Among many fine pictures of later date, "The Timber Waggon," "Gravel Pits," and "The Fallen Monarch" are perhaps the best.



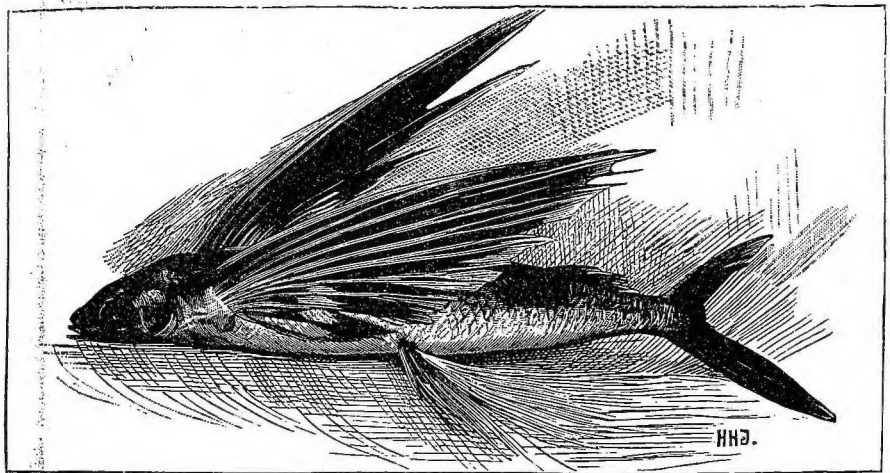
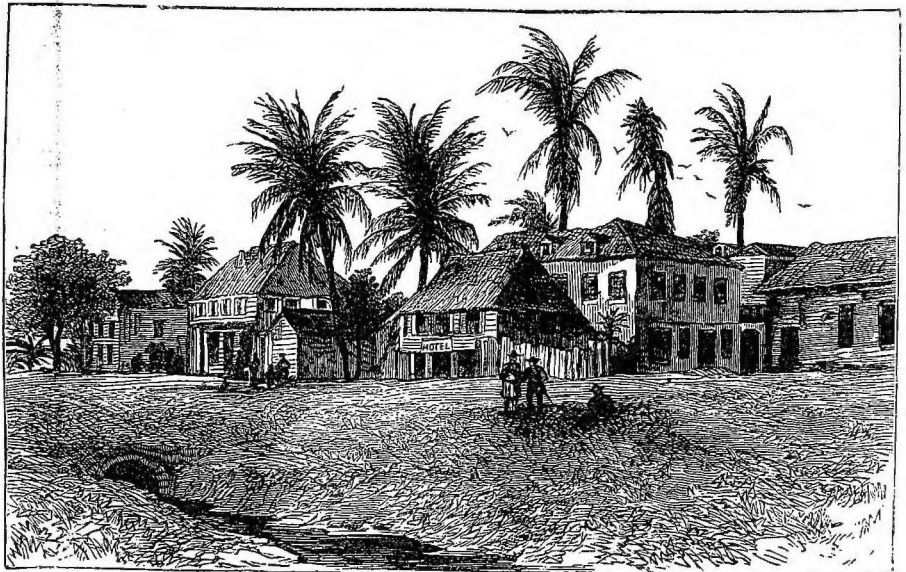
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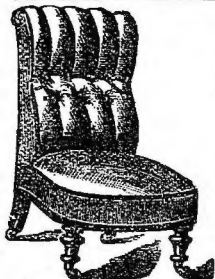
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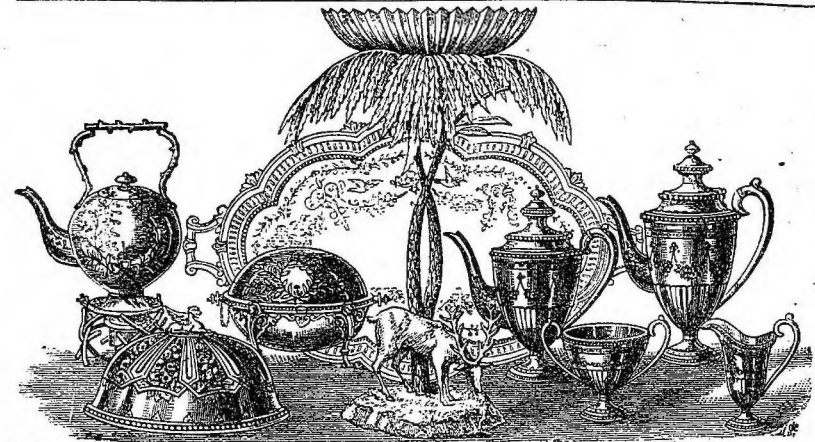
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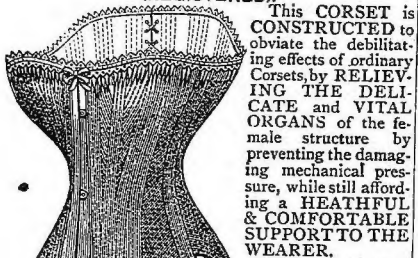
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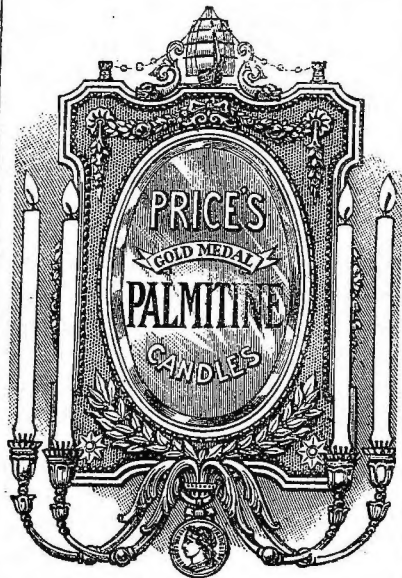
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The first will RUIN YOUR SKIN; the last will POISON YOUR BRAIN. DR. SCOTT'S Electric Brush will CURE HEADACHE & BALDNESS.

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Has won its way to Royal favour, having been supplied to the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, the KING of HOLLAND, PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, and other Royal and Eminent personages.

Out of a mass of letters from persons benefited, we have selected three from people of prominence, and can any sensible person think for a moment that men of position and wealth would deliberately sit down and write falsehoods for our benefit, or that we should publish fabrications with their signatures and addresses? Were we at liberty to do so, gentlemen, whose names are known in the highest circles in Europe and America, to readers of this paper would be astonished at the remarkable cures of FALLING HAIR, BALDNESS, HEADACHES, NEURALGIA, &c., this Brush has effected. Now, reader, are you bald or afflicted with DANDRUFF, FALLING HAIR, PREMATURE GREYNESS? Are you troubled with any kind of HEADACHE or NEURALGIA? Do you wish to ward off and prevent these afflictions? No doubt you daily use a hair brush. Why not try this one? The Brush always does good, never harm; it should be used daily, in place of an ordinary brush. There is no shock or sensation whatever in using it.

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The Brush back and handle made of new UNBREAKABLE material, resembling ebony, combination of substances PRODUCING A PERMANENT ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURRENT WHICH IMMEDIATELY CURE THE HAIR CLAND AND FOLLICLES. This power is always subsiding by a Slight Cretonne nor a Chintz; it is remarkably soft without being flimsy, and very graceful folds in consequence. The new material is printed with designs, in a variety of tints and shades, most tastefully combined. The (nearly a yard wide) is 1s. 6d. per yard. All Patterns Post Free.

REAL SYRIAN MUSLIN CURTAINS, Hand Embroidered, with Old Gold Silk, 4 yards long by nearly a yard wide, 2s. each; a thousand different designs. Sample by post, 2s. 3d., smaller sizes, 1s. 3d.

"I told you my wife is cured of her falling hair, and she is now as thick as a brush."—*DR. SCOTT'S HAIR BRUSH.* Since then I went in for a pair, and fully endorse my wife's opinion for BRITISH MANUFACTURE. Besides, my sister-in-law has suffered for years from Nervous Headaches and laughed at me when I told her a Brush would cure her. As I did not like being laughed at, I bought and made a present of a Brush to her (ladies like presents). She was here on a visit at the time. Three weeks after, when leaving, she admitted that since she had used the Brush she had not known what it was to have a headache. The Brush is a capital invention for Nervous or Bilious Headaches, and as a Refreshment after a long Railway Journey there is nothing to equal them.

Captain A. J. HOLMORRE, R.A., Ormonde, Lostwithiel, Cornwall, Nov. 5, 1882.

Dr. NICHOLSON PRICE, M.R.C.S., Mount Pleasant, Leeds, writes:—"A patient of mine has been using Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH, she having suffered from Neuralgia, and informs me that she has received considerable benefit from it. As I am troubled with Nervous Headaches I should be glad if you would send me one."

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WE WILL SEND IT POSTPAID, on receipt of 12s. 6d., WHICH WILL BE RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED. Remittances payable to C. B. HARNES, PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, 21, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON; Cheques crossed London and County Bank. We guarantee safe delivery into your hands; or request your nearest Druggist or Hairdresser to obtain one for you. As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. WHAT CAN BE FAIRER? Paris Retail Depot: ROBERTS and CO., 23 Place Vendôme.

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LIBERTY'S UMRITZA CASHMERE in a thick make for winter wear, and in a new range of soft and rich colours. Price 25s. the piece of 9 yards, 26 inches wide, also in a thin make, 21s. As there are imitations of this cloth offered by drapers, LIBERTY AND CO. beg to say that they were the inventors and originators of the Umrizta Cashmere; that the real cloth is manufactured specially for them, is infinitely superior in quality, and that every piece of the real cloth bears their name and registration mark.

LIBERTY'S NAGPORE SILK, in innumerable shades of rare and artistic colours. A very peculiar fact in relation to this Silk is the remarkable glint and play of colour, which varies in almost every individual piece. This character, combined with its good washing qualities, durability, and the wonderful softness of the Silk, renders it invaluable for Artistic Draperies. Price 25s. per piece of about 7 yards, 34 inches wide.

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